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New Republic

SEPTEMBER 13, 1948

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

FOUR YEARS AGO Dewey had already set the tone of his campaign; it was to be lofty, dignified and aggressive. This year it is to be just lofty and dignified. Four years ago Dewey had already taken the field to declare in Philadelphia, after Labor Day, that the war had saved the Roosevelt Administration, which was bankrupt and inefficient. The Administration, so Dewey averred without giving his authority, planned to keep millions in the Army because that would cost less than unemployment relief. The GOP chuckled and rubbed its hands.

Then FDR made his rollicking Teamsters' speech about Fala and threw poor Dewey out of step for the whole campaign. Now in 1948 Dewey isn't worried. He has sent in Stassen, the new president of the University of Pennsylvania, to answer Truman on the Taft-Hartley Act. The U of P undergraduates may begin to wonder whether their new prexy is to be an independent scholar or just a GOP stooge. But at any rate it keeps Dewey from soiling his hands in the muck of vulgar controversy.

How the great Dewey act of snooting Truman will come out remains to be seen. In any event, the real contest in this election may not be the presidency but the Congress, anyway. Take the T-H Act for example. If the GOP wins, the nation will in all probability have a duplicate of the reactionary 80th Congress all over again, a matter that probably worries Dewey just about as much as it does advocates of good government.

Senator Wagner last week charged that the GOP plans to stiffen the Taft-Hartley Act after the election, a charge that might seem prejudiced if it had not been supported in the leading news story of the *Wall Street Journal* of September 4. Senator Ball of Minnesota has his plans all ready, the report declares. Well, Ball is having difficulty over a little matter of reëlection in his own state, where he is pitted against the vigorous ADA-Democrat, Mayor Humphrey of Minneapolis. But if Ball isn't around, some other GOP anti-laborite will be.

The farmers are apt to feel the consequences, too. Farmers made greater economic gains from the war than any other part of the nation. They are traditionally conservative and will vote Republican in November. But they had better watch out. High food prices are replacing even the alleged faults of trade unions as a subject of national irritation.

The politics of this situation are mixed. After the First World War it was the collapse of farm prices which precipitated the disastrous deflation. The New Deal wrote the present price-support program in order to safeguard farmers. Some wise farm leaders in 1948 advocated a relaxation of support as a means of letting the air out of inflated prices gradually. But the GOP Congress would take no such moderate step before the election. They voted to continue 90-percent parity till 1950.

Here is an economic field that needs skill and gradualism. But can the GOP really be trusted to apply moderation in supporting these "New Deal" farm controls? It will be recalled that the House Republicans were ready to slash 25 percent from foreign aid. The farm lobby is probably the strongest now operating in Washington. But it must shiver occasionally as it looks at the conservative businessmen that constitute the GOP legislators, and recalls the long battle against the McNary-Haugen bill and similar legislation.

Most people don't realize the gulf that separates rich from poor in the USA. On the basis of the latest Federal Reserve System statistics, it can be visualized this way: Suppose you have

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a train of 10 cars. Each car represents an equal tenth of the national income. In the rear Pullman there are only five people. They are pretty exclusive in their top bracket. The next four cars represent comfort and luxury, too, though the ownership of each successive tenth of national income is divided among more "passengers." In the second car are 15 people; the third, 25; the fourth, 30; the fifth, 35. It is at about this point that Pullmans change to day coaches. In the sixth car, representing one-tenth of national income, there are 45. There are 50 in the seventh.

Things begin to get crowded in the eighth car; there are 60 people and all seats are filled. In the ninth some of the 75 are standing in the aisles. And in the tenth car, the final equal segment of national income, the 160 people are hanging from the luggage racks and clinging to the windows. In the rear car there are five; in the front car up next to the engine 160. The two groups share the same amount of national income; they were drawn by the same locomotive over the same road to the same unknown destination. Yet how little the crowded front day coach knows about the air-cooled splendor of the lonely rear observation car, or vice versa.

Notes. We are glad to report that a campaign-button factory that found itself high-and-dry with 200,000 unused "Dewey" buttons in 1944 providentially saved them and is now sitting pretty. Some 50 million campaign buttons will be worn this fall, or at least will be swapped about by small boys. . . . Tenants face the prospect of higher rents as the new control law takes effect; an 18-percent increase has just been granted in an Illinois area around Galesburg, probable forerunner of many more. . . . Next Communist-spy scenario scheduled here is in the hands of impresario Representative McDowell (R, Penn.) and will deal with uranium, allegedly from the USA, sent from Canada to Russia; McDowell tipped several reporters off before the performance began.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

THE WEEK

Truman Puts It Up to Labor

WITH HIS APPEARANCE at Detroit, Harry Truman has outlined frankly the whole course of his campaign for the presidency. Going on the assumption that a big vote will be a Democratic vote, Truman will do everything in his power to get out a record vote this November. Realizing that it will take a massive labor turnout for him to win in the crucial big cities, the President will demand repeatedly, as he did at Detroit, an exceptionally powerful effort by labor for "an all-out vote on election day." His theme is to be Republican special privilege v. Democratic efforts on behalf of the little man. And the center of his attack will be "the Taft-Hartley, backward-looking Congress" rather than Thomas E. Dewey.

Franklin Roosevelt went so far toward making the Democratic Party the party of labor that Labor Day never again can be merely the occasion for hypocritical holiday speeches it once was for Democratic politicians. The six speeches Truman delivered to the 750,000 Michiganders he addressed in the course of this Labor Day all showed that he understands the probably decisive role labor will play in his own political future. The President told labor what would happen to it if the Republicans got in. In that case, he warned, "the boom is on for the Republican reactionaries and the bust is on for you. . . . You men of labor can expect to be hit by a steady barrage of body blows. . . . The position of labor will be so greatly weakened that I would fear, not only for the wages and living standards of the American workingman, but even for our democratic institutions of free labor and free enterprise."

Also clearly in Truman's mind was what certainly will happen to him if he is deserted by labor. "You must register, you must vote if you expect to get a square deal in this great nation," the President told his Detroit labor audiences. It is equally true that *if labor does not do these things* Harry Truman will not be in on the deal at all after this election. Democratic campaign managers figure that Truman has no chance to win unless a record number of voters, up to 60 million or more, go to the polls November 2. There is no chance that this will happen unless the CIO-PAC and the AFL's newborn League for Political Education ring a record number of doorbells and recruit a record number of block workers and poll watchers.

Even then, the going will be tough for Truman in many parts of the labor movement. Henry Wallace can upset the apple cart in key states where the labor vote is the marginal factor. In Michigan itself, for instance, Roosevelt won in 1944 by only 22,000 votes. Henry Wallace, whose party has already qualified for a position on the Michigan ballot this year, may, according to the experts, attract some 25,000 to 100,000 votes.

One usually accurate and objective reporter who accompanied the President on his swing into Michigan wrote that the crowds which greeted him were "friendly and curious, but not demonstrative." It will be the job of those sections of organized labor which have endorsed Truman's candidacy to turn this friendly curiosity into the kind of enthusiasm that will move the voters to the ballot boxes. Candidate Dewey, meanwhile, has shrewdly decided to let Truman and Wallace fight it out for the CIO while he directs his pitch to the more conservative AFL.

SOUTHERN TOUR

In Virginia, things were fairly peaceful. The Virginia authorities ruled that the candidate's rallies were "private parties," and that the state segregation law did not apply.

But in North Carolina, trouble began. In city after city, the candidate and members of his party (three-quarters of them were newspapermen) were showered with rotten eggs, vegetables and lighted fire crackers. Said the candidate, at one point, as a rotten

Horrors of Peace

RIDERS ON BUSES and street cars in many cities will soon have an opportunity to hear radio commercials extolling somebody's cornflakes or dandruff remover. FM radio sets with loudspeakers have been installed in transit vehicles in a number of places, to test the public reaction.

Up to now, passengers in Cincinnati; Covington, Kentucky; Evansville, Indiana; Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania; Detroit; Baltimore; St. Louis; and Washington, D. C. have heard only music, and about 90 percent have said it was fine. What they will say when the commercials begin rolling in, is not yet known. Since, however, the transit companies will be paid for inflicting advertising on the traveling public, protests are likely to be unavailing.

Some of those who objected even to unsponsored music suggested that the lines ought to furnish free ear plugs on request. They won't get them.

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egg dripped down his shirt: "Am I in America?"

Farther South, the public violence suddenly subsided to an occasional thrown egg, a few boos. The Northern press speculated that Southern conservatives, alarmed lest they make a martyr, had passed along the word that violence was to cease. But there was no evidence that this was true.

The South was acting even more effectively to prevent the candidate from getting any wide audience. Knowing that he would not speak at a segregated meeting, several cities turned out battalions of police to enforce segregation. In auditoriums, a rope was uncoiled along the middle of the hall and Negroes and whites were seated on opposite sides. Even out-of-door mass meetings were divided by the same techniques. When the candidate arrived to find this situation, he did not speak.

In Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, his motorcade sped across country, stopping only for brief street-corner meetings here and there, lasting five or ten minutes. Little hostility was displayed by these small groups.

In Arkansas, the candidate made a radio address, but no public appearances.

Then came Tennessee and an electric change. Three meetings were held, big, well attended and enthusiastic. Yet Tennessee counts itself a part of the South, usually votes and acts with its sister states below the Mason-Dixon Line. What accounted for the difference?

One important reason, certainly, was that Tennessee is out of the grip of the paralyzing one-party system. Neither Democrats nor Republicans want to give each other ammunition by curtailing civil liberties.

In his speeches throughout the South, the candidate strongly attacked the Marshall Plan and the bipartisan foreign policy. He charged that Wall Street controls the Republicans, Democrats and the Dixiecrats. Repeatedly, he attacked segregation, Jim Crowism in general, and all other discriminations against minorities. He suggested,

JEROME SNYDER

concretely, a program of federal aid for the South of $1 billion a year for four years, the funds to be raised by taxing the absentee owners of Southern industry. The money would be spent to aid Southern industry and agriculture which need help partly because of "the billions of dollars of profits drained from Southern labor in field and factory by large corporations."

Back in New York, Henry Wallace, addressing the convention of the left-wing United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, CIO, got an ovation from the majority which supports the present union officers, boos from the right-wing minority. He called endorsement of President Truman by top leaders of the AFL and the CIO "a policy of appeasement," denounced Red-baiting and drew a parallel between the throwing of rotten eggs by his Southern opponents and the smear tactics of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

ARKANSAS YIELDS

While other Southern schools still fight the racial war, the University of Arkansas is trying to solve the problem.

Last January a Negro applied for entrance to the University of Arkansas School of Law. He was admitted, but given instruction separately. His books were delivered to him from the library (which he could not enter) and professors repeated their regular lectures to the one-man class.

Now the University administration has abandoned this expensive device and braved a political storm to allow a Negro, Miss Edith May Irby of Hot Springs, to attend classes just like any other student.

As might have been expected, Governor Ben Laney, a leading Dixiecrat, is furious, protesting that the University board has "no justification" for its action, particularly after he had specifically warned it not to follow a no-segregation policy.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People rejoices in this decision, saying that it "adds more impetus to the forces which are pushing segregation in education into the limbo of undemocratic practices."

TEXAS SEESAW

AUSTIN, TEXAS (NR correspondent)

The results of the Democratic primary run-off for the Senate seat of Pappy O'Daniel have been almost as confusing as was the campaign itself. For five days, the lead seesawed between Representative Lyndon Johnson and former Governor Coke Stevenson, until the unofficial photo-finish gave Johnson an edge of 621 votes over Stevenson.

To be certain of the result, Texans must wait till the State Democratic Executive Committee makes an official canvass on September 13. In the meantime, they are mulling over a campaign unprecedented even in this state's lurid political annals.

Johnson, who ran for the same Senate seat in 1941 with FDR's blessing, campaigned on a platform far more conservative than his own voting record in Congress. To muddle things even more, Stevenson, a hidebound tory, tried to increase his labor support by sounding liberal. He came out in favor of federal aid to education and the Marshall Plan.

On election day both seemed to have hit dead-center, and the closeness of the vote appeared to prove it.

Alignment of their political supporters was fabulous. Jesse Jones and his powerful Houston *Chronicle* supported Stevenson, complaining that

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Johnson was "still the same old Henry Wallace, New Deal radical that he used to be."

For the first time in history, Hearst's San Antonio *Light* and the Republican San Antonio *Express-News* agreed with each other. They supported Johnson, apparently because of his big-Navy policy, a Hearst favorite, and because of his advocacy of a 70-group Air Force, which boosted one of San Antonio's biggest industries, aviation.

Equally remarkable was the fact that ex-Representative Maury Maverick teamed up with the man who beat him, Representative Paul Kilday, to aid Johnson, while organized labor, with which Maverick has long worked, was supporting Stevenson. That ended in a deadlock, too, with a 100-vote differential out of the 30,000 cast in San Antonio.

Some CIO locals picked Johnson, and teamed up with anti-Stevenson reactionaries in working for him. Other CIO locals supported Stevenson, and teamed up with the AFL and the local bankers.

One of the main sources of confusion was the Taft-Hartley Act. Johnson voted for it. As a consequence, the Texas Federation of Labor (AFL) endorsed Stevenson on the dubious ground that he did not sign an anti-labor bill when he was Governor but merely allowed it to become law without his approval.

That endorsement brought angry demands from Johnson to know what Stevenson had promised "the labor bosses in those smoke-filled rooms." The pressure got so hot that Stevenson finally gave in and admitted he thought the Taft Hartley Act had been good for the country. But by then Johnson had undermined Stevenson's conservative support and was able to make it the closest race in Texas history. The way the two candidates performed also made many liberal Texans agree with Jeff Hickman, State PAC director, who observed that Johnson and Stevenson gave Texans "a sorry choice, like you get late Saturday night in the meat market."

OUT OF THE RACE

HARRISBURG (NR correspondent)

In Pennsylvania the Progressive Party has responded constructively to charges that its candidates would split the liberal vote and thus assure the election of conservatives. Five of the six Progressive candidates for Congress withdrew shortly before the deadline for such action.

J. W. Gitt, chairman of the Pennsylvania Progressive Party and publisher of the liberal York *Gazette and Daily*, said the withdrawals should "spike the vicious or unthinking rumors that the Progressive Party will split the liberal vote. This is not true and has never been. Our decision . . . will permit all of labor to unite against the Taft-Hartley candidates."

Insisting that the Wallace-Taylor ticket would, in fact, help election of liberal congressional and legislative candidates, Gitt said that only a small part of the nation's 91 million potential voters would bother to cast ballots if they had only "the phony alternative of a 'tweedledum Dewey' or a 'tweedledee Truman'."

Withdrawal of the candidates was approved by "the candidates themselves, the committees in their districts, the state office and the national executive committee," Gitt explained.

It is significant that the only Progressive candidate for Congress remaining in the race is the one who has the best chance of election. He is Joseph H. Rainey, a Philadelphia Negro magistrate, who jumped the Democratic Party to join the Wallace forces. Rainey is running in the Fourth District, comprised chiefly of low-income Irish, Negroes attracted by Wallace's advocacy of equal rights, and Jews dissatisfied with the Administration's Palestine program. Rainey opposes the Republican incumbent, Franklin J.

BIG SMASHER

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

An atom-smasher three times more powerful than any other extant is to be built at Stanford University with financial help from the Office of Naval Research.

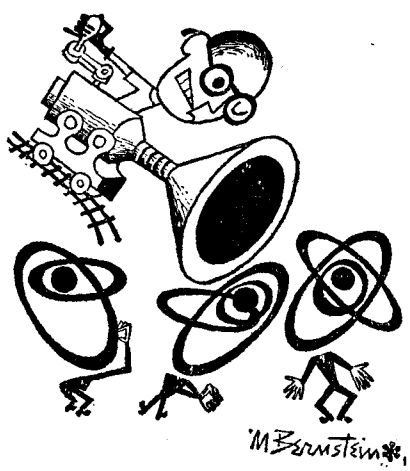
The University of California's giant new cyclotron develops 400 million electron volts. Stanford's, which will take three years to build, will develop one billion volts. And in so doing it will open new fields of experimentation in elementary-particle physics, the director of Stanford's Microwave Laboratory, Dr. William W. Hansen, believes.

Hansen hopes that the new smasher will not only enable man to break down hearts of atoms, but will produce a source of radiation comparable to cosmic rays. This would permit laboratory study of these elusive and mysterious particles which bombard the earth.

Stanford's super machine, called a "linear accelerator," is to be a tube 160 feet long which will give a ride to the lighter, negatively-charged particles, the electrons, along a straight course.

When electrons reach the end of the tube they are going at a rate of 186,000 miles per second, almost the speed of light. At the end of the tube, the electrons crash into the atom target with a collision expected to knock 15 or 20 particles off the nucleus.

From that collision Dr. Hansen, who has been experimenting with a 12-foot pilot model, expects important results.



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Maloney, and the Democratic aspirant, Earl Chudoff.

While the Progressives vigorously deny any "deals" with the Democrats, the withdrawals greatly increase Democratic chances of defeating such Republicans as Hugh D. Scott Jr., the Republican National Chairman; E. W. Chadwick; and R. J. Corbett.

The Progressives still have 18 candidates for the state's house of representatives and two for the state senate on the Pennsylvania ballots.

UNIONS IN POLITICS

The real question now is whether labor will follow its leaders. With the announcement of his endorsement by the CIO and the major AFL officials, President Truman's position with labor has become reasonably strong—on paper. CIO President Philip Murray, his Political Action Director Jack Kroll, and George Harrison, who will head the special AFL Committee for Truman in this election, are all confident that they can make their endorsements of the Democratic candidate pay off in millions of votes for him at the ballot boxes in November.

The AFL, abiding by long-standing tradition, will carefully keep its campaign for Truman independent of its other "non-partisan" activities in the congressional races. Union officers will join the AFL Committee for Truman "in their private capacities." But, with the exception of the Teamsters and the Carpenters, practically every union in the AFL will participate in both.

Leaders of 12 of the unions in the CIO, however, are against Truman. The vote in the CIO Executive Board meeting which endorsed Truman, 35 to 12, divided along precisely the same lines as did the original vote against supporting the third-party movement last year. The pro-Wallace elements have neither gained nor lost strength in the intervening months. Its spokesmen said their piece in the board meeting and made no move to bolt the CIO when they were inevitably snowed under at the end.

The CIO Board and the Political Action Committee which met the following day both emphasized again the overriding necessity of improving Congress by this election; they made no bones about their support of Truman, but definitely gave this a secondary position. However, having come out for Truman, the CIO-PAC will do its utmost in his behalf.

Now it will be a matter of money and organization.

Almost 16 million Americans belong to labor unions today. (Estimated CIO membership, 6.5 million; AFL, 7.5 million.) Since the CIO has been longest in politics, in a really organized way, it is expected to make the most impressive showing this year. The techniques the PAC developed in the 1944 and 1946 campaigns are being frankly copied throughout the country by unions newer to politics. The AFL and the Railway Brotherhoods, no novices in supporting or opposing individual candidates for office, are driving to get their members registered and are organizing block workers and doorbell ringers in the best PAC style.

To date in this election, labor's score looks pretty good. A recent survey of primary results indicates that about 55 percent of the candidates labor has thus far backed in races for House seats have won, and about 56 percent of labor's candidates for the Senate. One hundred and twenty-four of the 340 candidates for House races chosen thus far had labor backing.

The CIO-PAC is now concentrating on 123 congressional districts which it diplomatically refrains from naming. The AFL League for Political Education will focus its attack on the 158 districts where the incumbent was elected by a margin of less than 10 percent of the votes in 1946. The Railway Labor Political League will pay special attention to those of the sparsely populated Western states which have senatorial contests this year and states which have large Brotherhood memberships.

None of the various labor political arms is being intimidated by the political provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. They will raise and spend all the money they can get. The PAC optimistically speaks of a $1.5 million campaign fund this year. The AFL is considerably more modest. As for the work to be done, all labor accepts the program of the CIO:

Seventy-five million voters registered.

A 60-million vote—almost double 1946.

At least one million block workers to get out that vote.

Even if labor comes through 100-percent for Truman, labor leaders know it may not be enough to beat Dewey.

OFF THE BALLOT

SPRINGFIELD, ILL. (NR correspondent)

An antiquated state law has succeeded, where other means have failed, to keep the Progressive Party off the statewide ballot in Illinois. The law calls for a minimum of 25,000 signatures on petitions for ballot listing, which seems fairly easy to fulfill, but it also has a kicker. Included in those signatures must be 200 from each of 50 counties, and many of Illinois' 102 counties are sparsely populated farm areas where progressivism is not popular.

The state's three-man Electoral Board has ruled that the Progressive Party has, indeed, failed to obtain sufficient signatures from sufficient counties, though Progressive petitions had 75,268 signatures.

Though the ruling prevents the Progressive Party from running a candidate against Paul Douglas, the Democrat who is trying to unseat Senator C. Wayland Brooks, it does not change the local status of the party in Cook County (Chicago), where it gained a place on the ballot by polling more than five percent of the vote in last November's judicial elections. Progressives still will be able to run local and congressional candidates even if the Electoral Board's decision is not upset by the courts.

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ZHDANOV'S DEATH

by Alexander Kendrick

VIENNA

WHATEVER ELSE may be said about Zhdanov's unexpected death, it came at the precise psychological moment to be used advantageously by the men he leaves behind him in the Kremlin.

The Cominform expulsion of Tito was the greatest mistake of Zhdanov's career, and its ill effects on the Eastern Bloc are only beginning to be felt. The Cominform's war against ERP has been a losing one, not only in the sense of actual achievement in the West but also because of a growing, if still silent, disaffection among those prevented from participating.

Many of the Czechs and Poles have never ceased resenting Soviet domination, and although a year ago, from Moscow, it seemed as if a workable counterpart of the Marshall Plan were being blueprinted, there has been little progress. The Russians have never quite lived up to their promises, and various Two, Three and Five-Year Plans don't look as good as they did on paper a year ago. The continued prospect of no Western credits or machinery is disheartening.

Soviet foreign policy during the past year hasn't been spectacularly successful. This is no more Zhdanov's fault than Molotov's or Stalin's, but if a change in policy, or at least a shift in emphasis, has ever been contemplated, this unexpected death makes it possible without too much loss of face.

Some change is inevitable anyway. Although Zhdanov spoke for the Central Committee on the basis of collective decisions, he was a man of such force of personality that he inevitably played a major role in the process of flow and counterflow. It is now possible, therefore, that there may be some relaxation in the Cominform's strictures against the Marshall Plan, and a small amount of independence might be granted to the Eastern states for improving relations with the West. Certainly if such an opportunity is not taken, we must abandon hope of any reconciliation for a long time.

Tito's relations with the Cominform, and especially with the Soviet Union, are likely to be clarified now.

Although he has raised the quarrel from the party to the government level with four of his neighbors, Tito has been very careful not to make the same move with respect to Moscow. He has never said a critical word about the Kremlin or Stalin, and, indeed, seems to have gone out of his way not to try to communicate with the latter over Zhdanov's head. Of course, direct Stalin-Tito talks might settle nothing, either. But they obviously would help decide Yugoslavia's future course and would end Tito's present policy of playing one end against the middle.

The effects of Zhdanov's death inside Russia are likely to be considerable. He was a master in the broad realm of culture and his anti-bourgeois and anti-Western decrees as to literature and music, his purges in philosophy, have had a vastly debilitating influence on Soviet creative arts. The trouble about the party line, once laid down, is that those who carry it out have neither the authority nor the imagination for the necessary adjustments. Zhdanov's passing may have been a great loss to the Kremlin, but you may be sure not too much grief was felt at the Writers' House in Lavrichinsky Street or at the Moscow Conservatory.

DRAWING BY FRASCONI

The impact of Zhdanov's death inside the Politburo is likely to be tremendous. He was the party leader, next only to Stalin, and although this wouldn't have made him the automatic heir, his passing at least removes any doubts about Molotov's succession.

Zhdanov's successor in the important party post, and therefore in the Cominform, will probably be Malenkov, who has been serving as his alternate. However, Suslov has lately been rising fast in the party hierarchy. He is young, one of the most vigorous of all, and perhaps the most fanatical.

While there may be some relaxation of Soviet policy within the Cominform framework because of Zhdanov's miscalculations, there seems no likelihood of any major change in Russian foreign policy toward the West. There have been reports that Zhdanov and Molotov didn't see eye to eye on many things. Perhaps that was so; but they were together on the non-aggression pact with Hitler, and against the Marshall Plan. Molotov feels no differently than did Zhdanov about "American imperialism."

The effect of Zhdanov's death on the satellite states may have some interesting turns. In Hungary, for instance, Rakosci has been selected by the Cominform to launch collectivization in all of Eastern Europe except Yugoslavia. Rakosci was Zhdanov's man. In Rumania and Poland, also, changes in local leadership are likely.

Zhdanov's funeral in Red Square was most impressive; many sincere mourners were there. But certainly not many outside Russia will mourn his loss. He was the prototype of the intellectual who has gone completely doctrinaire and has thus become anti-intellectual. But his undoubted talents produced a subversion of literature, music and art that it will take the Soviet creative artist a long time to overcome, if he ever does.

And that's not much of an epitaph for a leading citizen in the Soviet society and one of most powerful men in the world.

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THE CONTINUING STRUGGLE

Six months ago the New Republic *undertook to send aid to the half-starved citizens of Tiburtino, a workers' settlement outside Rome. Thanks to our readers, 42 CARE packages were forwarded in May and June to an American social worker for delivery to Tiburtino. Here is her story:*

WHEN I received notice that 42 CARE packages had arrived destined for Tiburtino, I wondered how they could be utilized to the best advantage, for there are 27,000 persons living in the small Tiburtino area and nearly all of them need help. I turned for ideas to the doctor of Tiburtino.

Dr. Perretta is a short, stocky man with lively eyes and a decisive manner. He was born in the United States, but having studied to become a doctor in Italy and having married and raised a family in this country, he now feels utterly contented here and has no desire to change. Every morning he goes to Tiburtino, where he is in charge of the Ambulatorio, or clinic, aided by a warmhearted and efficient nurse. His gains from this work are practically nil, but he is glad to make this contribution toward helping his fellow men.

I suggested to him that we pick 42 families with unemployed and tubercular members—a double handicap. This was not difficult to do, and we also managed to include most of the people who had given us their names at the time of our last visit. We set the distribution date for the following Sunday and sent a note to each prospective recipient, inviting him to be present at 8:30 a.m. at the Ambulatorio.

On Sunday morning we found a line of people standing outside the door and two armed carabinieri guarding the entrance. The people were called in five at a time and were checked off from the list, and then I handed the packages to them with a few words, explaining that they had come from liberals in America expressly to help the most needy in Tiburtino, and that they were intended to signify America's sympathy.

Most of the people looked clean and respectable in their Sunday clothes. They had done their best to turn up at the Ambulatorio with a decent appearance. We felt, however, that we should visit some of them in their homes and we did see one family which the local police officer said was the most miserable of all.

These people lived in a hut they had made out of bamboo cane and branches, fairly suitable for a dry summer but totally inadequate for rainy weather. The interior of the hut was dark, as the door constituted the only opening. In a corner were two bricks and the remains of a fire. Near it, on an overturned box, were some aluminum pots. Most of the floor space was taken up by the bed, or rather the mattress, which lay on the floor. The wife was lying on it, her long, straight, black hair framing a darkish face with regular features and black, brooding eyes. She looked quite young, and her poised gestures and dignified air recalled the ancient Italians depicted in Roman frescoes and statues.

Her husband looked considerably older and sat immobile in a chair. She told us that she was sick, sick from the worry of a mother who looks on and sees her children without the barest necessities, some days even without food. Her husband had a hernia and could not work. They were Sardinians and had migrated to Rome because they had been told that conditions were better in the capital. But their life had not improved. There was still only hunger and worry. How could a mother watch and not become ill?

While the distribution was proceeding, the doctor was taking care of his patients, looking down throats, giving shots, passing out medicines. Then he turned to me and said, "It is not medicines we need here really—it is food.

"These people, he continued, "are suffering from underfeeding, and as a result develop all kinds of ills. I can do very little, for example, for this child whose glands are swollen and who habitually has a few degrees of temperature. She needs nourishing food, but her father was thrown out of work some time ago and has not been able to find other employment. The family lives in two rooms and four or five people sleep in one bed. One of the brothers has tuberculosis. We cannot send him away because he has never worked and is therefore not entitled to illness-insurance benefits.

"What we need here is work and bread," he went on. "If you could set up a mess during next winter with daily meals, that would certainly represent the greatest contribution an American community could make toward the welfare of this section."

It is impossible for well-doers in America who want to help, to provide the all-important element for the reconstruction of Italy's economy and the rehabilitation of sections like Tiburtino: work and equitable social legislation. But if aid (food and used clothing) could come in a sizable amount, then a sensible program could do much to alleviate the real suffering of Tiburtino. The nuns have the necessary equipment and could easily operate the daily mess under the control of a committee with the leading participation of Dr. Perretta—you could not find a finer physician or person—his nurse and one outside element representing the American donors. One good meal a day for the children, the unemployed and those who are unable to work because of illness would do much to meet the need of these people who, despite their extreme poverty and hopeless condition, have miraculously retained the wholeness and integrity of their personality. They are still intact human beings and, because of the richness and fullness of their nature and the warmth of their hearts, infinitely worth helping.

Once again we appeal for aid in providing for Tiburtino's needs. We shall continue to report on conditions there. — THE EDITORS

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THE SOCIALISTS SEE DAYLIGHT

Hope springs at the headquarters of the American party in this year of division and confusion

by Jess Conway

THE SOCIALIST PARTY has fallen far behind its opponents this year in attention received from press and radio. Nevertheless, its leaders say that the party is having its most successful year since 1932. Exhibiting the preëlection confidence common to all politicians, the Socialists believe they are making a significant comeback and that their November vote will surprise all who in recent years have asked, "What ever happened to the Socialist Party?"

To achieve this comeback, the party leaders are counting on the logical appeal of their own program to confused and disgruntled voters, plus another factor they term the "unacceptability" of Truman, Dewey and Wallace alike to an undetermined number of Americans. They expect these factors to pile up an impressive vote for their veteran candidate, Norman Thomas—now in his sixth campaign—and his running mate, Tucker P. Smith.

The platform of the national convention at Reading is severely critical of the three opposition platforms. Not only does it restate the traditional Socialist differences with the Democrats and Republicans on domestic economic issues, but it disagrees with the foreign policies of both parties, as well as that of the Progressive Party, which it accuses of appeasement of Russia, leading not in the direction of peace but war.

Some old Socialist slogans have been freshly reworked for the current campaign in an effort to epitomize the party's attitudes in a telling phrase. "Tweedledum Truman and Tweedle-not-so-dumb Dewey" raises echoes of the long-ago campaigns of candidate Thomas, who once saw Roosevelt as Tweedledum and Hoover as Tweedle-dee (or was it the other way around?).

Socialist foreign policy calls, above all else, for energetic administration

NORMAN THOMAS

of the European Economic Recovery Program. The party declares that American negotiators blundered—President Roosevelt chief among them—at Cairo, Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, committing this country to limited, unclarified objectives without demanding a detailed understanding with Russia about what should follow, and without preparing an intensive rehabilitation program, along democratic lines, for the surrendered countries.

In the face of the dangerous confusion of world affairs which has developed, Socialist leaders insist that no candidate can offer a simple "peace" program, particularly if it is based "on even more appeasement." Though the party opposed American entry into the First and Second World Wars, its leaders now say that the only kind of "peace program" which will truly serve democratic interests throughout the world is a program of "peace without appeasement" and one which is willing to accept limited risks of war.

The chief points in that program outlined by the Socialist platform call for "the rigid limitation and international control of all armaments, to be followed by universal—not unilateral—disarmament; all such measures to be accomplished by the unlimited right of inspection through an authorized agency of the United Nations. The principle of unlimited international inspection must be recognized as a fundamental safeguard of world security."

Disarmament of this scope requires broadening of the United Nations structure in the direction of a "true democratic federal world government." The first step advocated in this direction is the abolition of the veto in the Security Council, to be succeeded by the "Majority Plan" based on the Baruch proposals.

Commenting on the party's foreign policy, National Secretary Harry Fleischman says the Socialist Party emphases that "it does not endorse as an alternative to appeasement a policy of get-tough imperialism—a policy of building up reactionary governments in Greece, Turkey and elsewhere with the 'anti-Communist' slogan as their only justification—such as has been supported powerfully by bipartisan Democratic and Republican groups.

The platform advocates an end to atomic-bomb production; access of all peoples to the raw materials now controlled by monopolies, whether state or private; internationalization of the strategic waterways of the world like Panama, Suez, the Danube, the Dardanelles and Gibraltar; and customs unions as a first step toward world-wide outlawry of trade barriers.

In Palestine, the platform states, "The present disastrous situation has been precipitated by the monstrous Nazi terror, conflicting promises to Jews and Arabs, and repeated betrayal of a pledged word. It is now the duty of the United Nations, with the wholehearted support of the United States, to establish order, to guarantee to the Jewish community in Palestine full self-government, and to protect the

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right of immigration since it has not reached a saturation point."

On domestic issues, the platform calls for the traditional socialist goals of a planned economy and state ownership of basic industries. Immediate legislative objectives of the party are price stabilization, elevation of the present wage-hour minimum of 63 cents to 75 cents; expansion of unemployment-insurance and social-security coverage; old-age pensions to begin at 60, not 65; creation of a national health service; federal support for education; repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act; elimination of the Committee on Un-American Activities; and "Defeat of any legislation that would force the Communist Party further underground and that would appear to give moral justification to its conspiratorial policies."

According to Fleischman, the old popular resistances faced by the party in past campaigns, based on cynicism or ridicule of its program as utopian, are less formidable to the Socialists' efforts in this campaign than they have been since the bottom of the Depression.

After four campaigns of declining voting strength, the party, he says, is now finding "surprising interest wherever we can get a hearing." As evidence, he states that a recent article by Norman Thomas in *Look* magazine, "Republicans and Democrats Are Stealing from My Socialist Platform," brought hundreds of letters to party headquarters asking for more information.

The party places great hopes on the recent Fortune poll which showed that seven to nine percent of the registered Democrats, when asked their choice among Truman, Dewey or Wallace, wanted "none of them." "These votes do not automatically fall to the Socialist Party," says Fleischman, "but many of them do if we can reach them and explain our program. We have had greater success in this campaign than ever in the past in getting our message out to masses of Americans."

Candidate Thomas this year has been more successful than usual in finding mass radio and press outlets. Offering a frankly socialistic analysis of the Republican, Democratic and Progressive conventions and platforms, he wrote a series of pieces for the Denver *Post* which were syndicated and used by 14 newspapers with a combined circulation of three million. At all conventions his comments were solicited by press, radio, television and newsreel reporters. This was no doubt partially because of the heightened dramatic personal element which entered when Thomas attended press conferences as a reporter and began badgering opponents like Henry Wallace from the dual position of journalist and politician. Thomas is now making an extended speaking tour of the country.

The party's candidates, Fleischman says, will be on the ballot in 35 or more states with a total population of 100 million. Certification has already been granted in 22 states, including New York, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Connecticut—in which the party counts its main strength.

The high tide of the party's success was reached in 1912 when Eugene Debs polled 900,000 votes. In 1920, after women got the vote, Debs, after release from a federal penitentiary for opposing the war, polled approximately 920,000. The record of Norman Thomas in recent campaigns is:

HARRY FLEISCHMAN

884,781 in 1932; 187,720 in 1936; 116,063 in 1940; 80,518 in 1944.

Secretary Fleischman admits that, on the basis of opportunism—leaving aside moral or historic considerations—the party's opposition to America's entry into the war against the Axis was costly, dividing and scattering Socialist Party support. But now developments in Europe have tended to close some of these divisions, he believes.

Among the formerly stalwart backers who broke with the party on its war stand were the Social Democratic Federation, the Workman's Circle—largest Jewish fraternal order—and numerous other trade-union groups and significant personalities. Fleischman says many elements of these groups and many of the formerly dissenting individuals like A. Philip Randolph, influential Negro and labor official, are working again for the party's candidates and aims, and will, he believes, help pile up a large vote in November.

Even should the Socialists' most optimistic hopes be realized in November, the question still remains, "What has happened to the Socialist Party?" If the party's candidates get ten times the vote they got in the last presidential campaign, and thereby poll a million votes—which nobody predicts—the Socialists would still have failed to win their way back to the position they occupied during the lifetime of Debs.

Why has American socialism languished during a period when British socialism rose to power? What lies ahead for the Socialist Party in the present period of realigning political forces, when labor, farm and liberal groups throughout the nation are faced with the stark fact that the "two-party system" is growing dangerously unresponsive to their needs and to national and world realities?

The Socialists say that any odious comparison of their own obscurity with the successful record of the British Labor Party is unrealistic. In Britain the labor movement was socialist while in America it was not, except for numerically inconsequential groups.

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The unions gave British socialism a mass base, money, organization. In America the unions of Sam Gompers' day worked for limited wage-and-hour objectives and rejected the principle of political action. In a more recent period both the AFL and the CIO made the error, the Socialists believe, of regarding President Roosevelt as "father and protector," and thus failed to develop an independent political party which might have served their ends better after Roosevelt's death.

Today the Socialist leaders hope that the reactionary developments within the Democratic Party will prove to be history's inescapable injunction to American labor unions to begin the long-delayed organization of a labor party committed to socialistic goals like state planning, government ownership of big industry and democratic process. The party is hoping to help start such an organization after the coming elections in alliance with a number of labor and coöperative groups opposed to Dewey and Wallace and more or less stuck with the Democrats. The question of forming such a party is a red-hot issue in the United Auto Workers' union and in the group around its president, Walter Reuther. The Socialists are hoping their own voting strength in November will help to get the organization under way.

The Roper poll of August 12 seemed to give but scant encouragement to this hope. Its sampling indicated Dewey's support at 46.3 percent of the electorate, Truman's at 31.5, Wallace's at 3, and Thomas' at two-tenths of one percent. The fact that the Thomas figure was the result of volunteered answers perhaps weights it a little more on the side of socialist aspirations for a big vote. Thomas himself, speaking in California during the same week, predicted a Dewey landslide.

Though the Socialist Party has no mass following in the labor unions and no formal liaison with the UAW or any others, it nevertheless counts among its members a number of significant labor leaders. Many others say they are in general sympathy with so-

DRAWINGS BY SHARP

TUCKER SMITH

cialist goals. A typical figure among Socialist party-member labor leaders, is Emil Mazey, secretary-treasurer of the UAW. The party's vice-presidential candidate, Tucker P. Smith, served as a UAW regional director and has worked with the group since its founding. He is now an economist at Olivet College in Michigan.

Though their recent presidential vote has been small, the Socialists argue that their success in electing mayors and municipal officials in a number of cities indicates that they have dormant grass-roots strength which could be developed to impressive proportions within the framework of a farm-labor-liberal political party. Socialist mayors are serving in Norwalk and Bridgeport, Connecticut, and in Milwaukee. The Socialists admit they are willing to be swallowed up in a new big labor party rather than to attempt the swallowing themselves. Before putting up their own slate of candidates this year, they offered to back a labor slate from the UAW and similar unions. The unions declined the offer, deciding on a policy of "wait and see" through the present campaign.

A visit to the party's headquarters in a big, plain room in a downtown Manhattan office building—an office whose undynamic, pamphlet-mailing atmosphere seems little different from that of a countless number of New York headquarters for obscure "causes"—calls to mind the old question, which candidate Thomas has probably been asked ten thousand times, "If elected, could the Socialists really run the country?"

"That question used to worry us, too, back in 1932," says Secretary Fleischman. "Then the New Deal came in and we found many of the people at the administrative level—the ones who really saw that the bureaus functioned—were our own people. Socialist training had made these people a national asset. Since then the co-ops and the labor movement and expanded government services have produced a sufficient number of trained administrators to carry forward a socialist administration."

The most significant development in American socialist theory in recent years, according to Fleischman, has been to place chief emphasis on the "democratic administration" concept in the socialist formula—"social ownership and democratic administration." All party plans—and they exist only in general terms—for running industries like coal, steel and transport, adhere to the TVA principle of autonomous management within the industry rather than to the Post Office principle of strict bureaucratic control from Washington. Industries would be administered by three-part boards composed of representatives from labor, management and from the public at large.

The Socialist Party has censured the British Labor Party for passing a labor draft. When asked what a Socialist government in America would do if confronted with strikes in critical industries, the party's answer seems vague; somewhat in the nature of "it just won't happen." The leaders believe that the United States stands in an infinitely better position than any European government in this respect because it has sufficient resources to create a socialist standard of living high enough to satisfy its workers and maintain their enthusiasm for the program.

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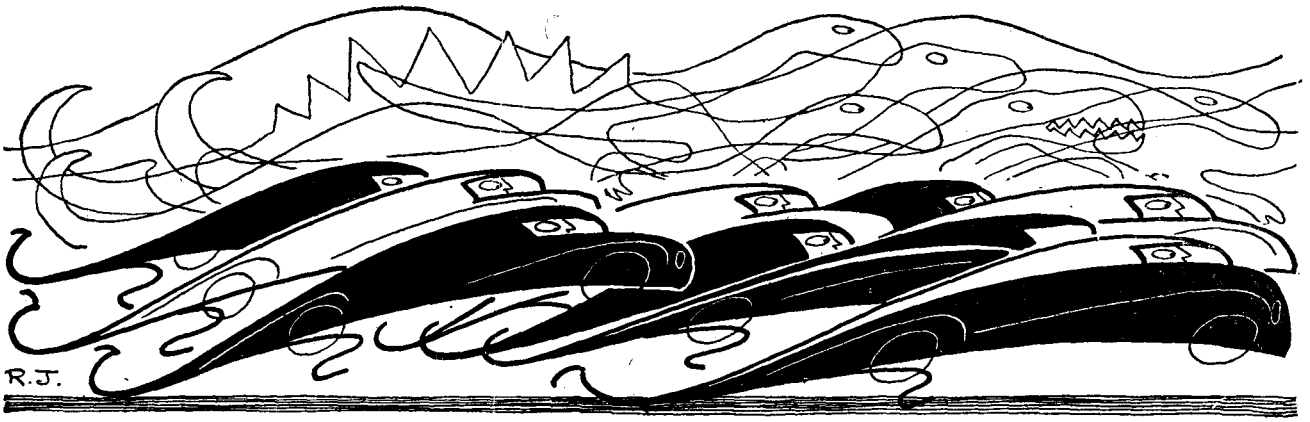

YOUR CAR--TODAY AND TOMORROW

by Laurence Crooks

IN THE SUMMER of 1948, the whole automobile setup has a quality of Götterdämmerung about it. Whizzing along US highways are more and more postwar cars. These are, for the most part, gigantic equipages, wide and low, with long, smooth lines. They are capable of traveling 30 percent faster than anyone can safely handle them, and greedily gulp gasoline, which may become scarce and is getting more expensive.

In addition, and far outnumbering the late models, is the prewar American jalopy. It is, on the average, 8.9 years old, has been driven up to 70,000 miles or more, may or may not have a rebuilt engine, and looks a sight.

If you have been nursing along one of these prewar rolling heaps and think you might be interested in something better, what kind of market are you up against?

First, you might consider a new 1948 or 1949 car. Current models are both expensive and scarce. New car prices are up about 60 percent since 1941. A Chevrolet that cost $745 in 1939 now lists at $1,439, and this is at the factory and without extras. The price of a Packard 8 jumped from $1,196 to $2,275 during the same period. A lot of Americans who needed, and bought, cars this year didn't have that kind of money. A third more buyers financed new or used cars this spring than last. In April, 1948, the average amount borrowed on a used car was $225 more than in the same month of the previous year. Every indication is that these figures will go on rising, especially since personal savings declined $500 million from the first to the second quarter of 1948.

In addition to the inflated price, if you buy a new car and trade your old one in on the deal—unless you know someone, it's almost impossible to get a new model this side of the millennium without a trade-in—you lose anything from another hundred to a thousand dollars. Even if it's fairly new, your trade-in will be valued at the red-book figures, far below the prices such cars are actually bringing on the cash market and the used-car lot.

Despite ready cash and an old car to trade in, you find that new cars are still being delivered on orders placed a year or more ago, depending upon the locality, the make of car and the dealer's whim. For another $800 to $3,000, however, you can get any current model by buying it in the black market as "used."

And if, money in hand, you do go new-car shopping, what kind of merchandise will you find? Perhaps your desperate sally is made with memory of those neat, roomy, compact, supereconomical, lightweight postwar cars the engineers told you about two years ago. Well, you have an inalienable right to dream as well as to house your family under a well-ventilated bridge. Your actual choice, however, lies among approximately 40 current models.

Of these 40 models, nearly half are postwar cars, in the sense that they have either bodies, or chassis, or engines designed since the war. Most of the old models are in high-production, fast-selling lines for which no new-model stimulus is yet needed—Chevrolet, Plymouth, Pontiac, Buick, Dodge, etc. Their faces have been lifted—several times, in fact—and routine changes made. Nothing important has been added. New models to succeed them are on ice, ready when demand falls off.

Since the war, there have been just four engineering changes of importance in the cars themselves:

1. The wide bodies, or, more precisely, the widening of the body to full car width, minus the necessary room for structure. Where the rear seat on previous designs was about two feet less in width than the car itself, that figure, on Studebaker, Kaiser-Frazer, and Hudson has shrunk to about a foot. Nobody objects to more room in a car, especially if he looks up a few figures—or realizes from having been squeezed too many times that a com-

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fortable seat for three must be about 61 inches wide at the hipline. This development was made possible by:

2. A new distribution of car units and car weight. The passengers have been moved out from between the rear wheels, which restricted the seat width in the past, to a point where they have more elbow room and ride more comfortably. This meant that the engine too had to be shoved forward—or the wheelbase lengthened considerably—and forward it is, on Hudson and Studebaker and, to a lesser extent, on a few others. For technical reasons this improves the riding qualities, so that a small car like the Studebaker Champion rides well enough to suit almost everyone.

3. The third improvement is the one Hudson is advertising as the step-down feature—drastic lowering of the center of gravity. This has been coming down for some time, but, as Hudson advertising says, you can't get it down far enough for maximum results without reëngineering the whole car. It provides increased safety, softer riding without loss of stability, and makes for easier handling on bad roads and curves.

4. The fourth improvement is better vision for the driver, and the passengers too, in some cases. This is accomplished by making the windshield bigger, wider, higher; lowering the cowl over which the driver has to look; increasing the size of the back window until there is no blind spot anywhere; slimming the pillars at the corner of the windshield to remove blind spots, and sharpening the curves where the pillars join the roof.

Now there are catches to each of these improvements which have to be deducted from the gains made. The smooth, pontoon sides are more vulnerable and harder to repair—extra hard where the rear of the body, as on the Kaiser and the Ford, is integral with the side of the fender. Ordinarily, if you want to bump out a fender, you get under it and bump it out. You can't do that on a Kaiser rear fender, and you can't remove door dents until you take the mechanical innards out of them. Even if you don't smash those pontoon sides, it is amazing how uniformly a scratch will engrave itself upon the whole length of the body.

Moving the seats forward has cut down the leg-room in the rear seat, if not in the front. Indeed, on a Mercury the rear seat is in the same position, apparently, in the coupe and the sedan. Moving the engine forward has shoved it up over the cross member supporting the front suspension, and on the Ford 6 and the Studebaker you can't get the crankcase oil pan off without taking the engine out. Putting more weight on the front wheels increases the problem of keeping the steering in adjustment, and makes the car handle differently on curves—whether better or worse is an argument that is still going on. This engineering change also reduces traction on the rear wheels, so that you will need to use chains more often.

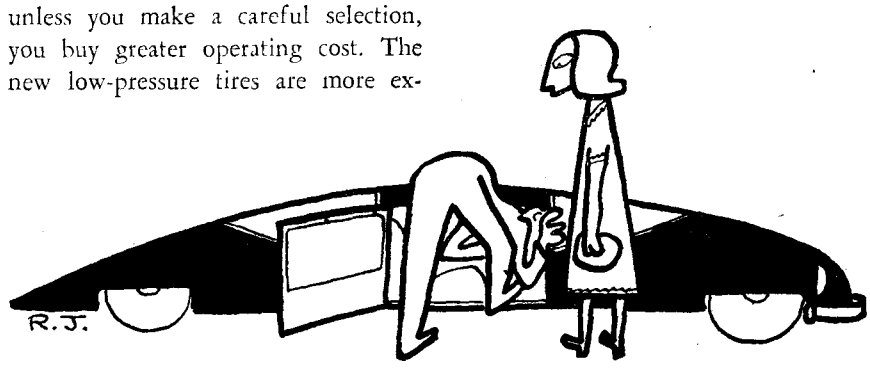
Lowering the center of gravity usually involves lowering the seats to a non-comfortable height and makes you duck deeper to get into the car. It also places the driver squarely in the headlight glare of approaching traffic. There's no drawback to more window area, provided the windshield and back window aren't excessively slanted. But if they are—Packard and Kaiser-Frazer are perhaps the worst—the sun sits in your lap in front and blisters the back of your neck in the back seat, and the sky glare for the driver is excessive. On the Hudson, the roof is carried well forward, and there's no sun glare. Also, a near-horizontal rear window in the back will be coated with snow in a few minutes and become useless.

When you get one of the new cars, unless you make a careful selection, you buy greater operating cost. The new low-pressure tires are more expensive to buy, and need more attention to prevent abnormal wear. Postwar engines are bigger on the Ford V-8, Mercury, Hudson 6, Packard 8 and Super 8, and Lincoln. There is more power on the Ford 6 and the Olds 98.

Car parts cost about 50 percent more than in 1940 and the hourly wage for auto mechanics also has risen. The average driver is well aware that gasoline costs have gone up 34 percent since the end of the war. There are hidden operating costs, too. Actual mileage per gallon on the road, after the car has warmed up, has not risen very much, except where cars have taken on too much weight and were geared back to carry it. The best car along these lines is the Studebaker—the Commander, or larger model, has an engine the same size as the Ford 6, as has the Kaiser-Frazer. Weight reduction has sparked the better economy of the Ford for 1949.

The Willys makes no pretensions to speed, and is in fact about the only car left with any claim to accessibility for repair. The Nash 600 has an engine approximately the size of the Studebaker Champion and gives equivalent gas mileage. These three are the only full-sized cars that can be estimated to give day-by-day mileage over 20 per gallon.

There are some good, if less exciting or efficient, cars among the old timers—Chevrolet, Plymouth, Pontiac, Dodge, De Soto, all of which offer models below the median of engine size (piston displacement), weight and cost. The Nash 600 gives good gas mileage, the Nash Ambassador powerful performance; Chrysler 6 is a de-



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luxe De Soto, Chrysler 8 and Buick 70 are road locomotives for sure. Oldsmobiles, wedded to the Hydra-Matic Drive ($140 or more extra), are a notch below comparable Pontiacs in general use-value, and the Crosley is several notches below everything else, though it goes farthest of any American car on a gallon of gas and is constantly being improved. For a better design of the same size, see the French Renault.

After looking over your bank balance, the new-car market and the prospects of a brighter car future in a couple of years, you may decide to consider a good used car. The so-called good used car is a rarer bird today than it ever was. First of all, you find that six-year-old cars (1940-41-42 models) are selling at about 75 percent of new car prices. If such a car was used during the war years, look out for corrosion of body and sheet-metal parts and excessive wear (caused by short-distance driving and consequent winter corrosion) in the engine.

Anything older than six or seven years involves a major engineering and financial operation. This goes whether you shop for a 1936 "Batteredton" or decide to fix up your old one and resign yourself to sweating out the shortage.

In the present market, fixing up the old car is, for a great many owners, the only alternative. Repair shops are surprised at the amounts that are being spent on cars that would normally go to the junk yard. From the owner's point of view, each old car is a special case to be considered on its merits.

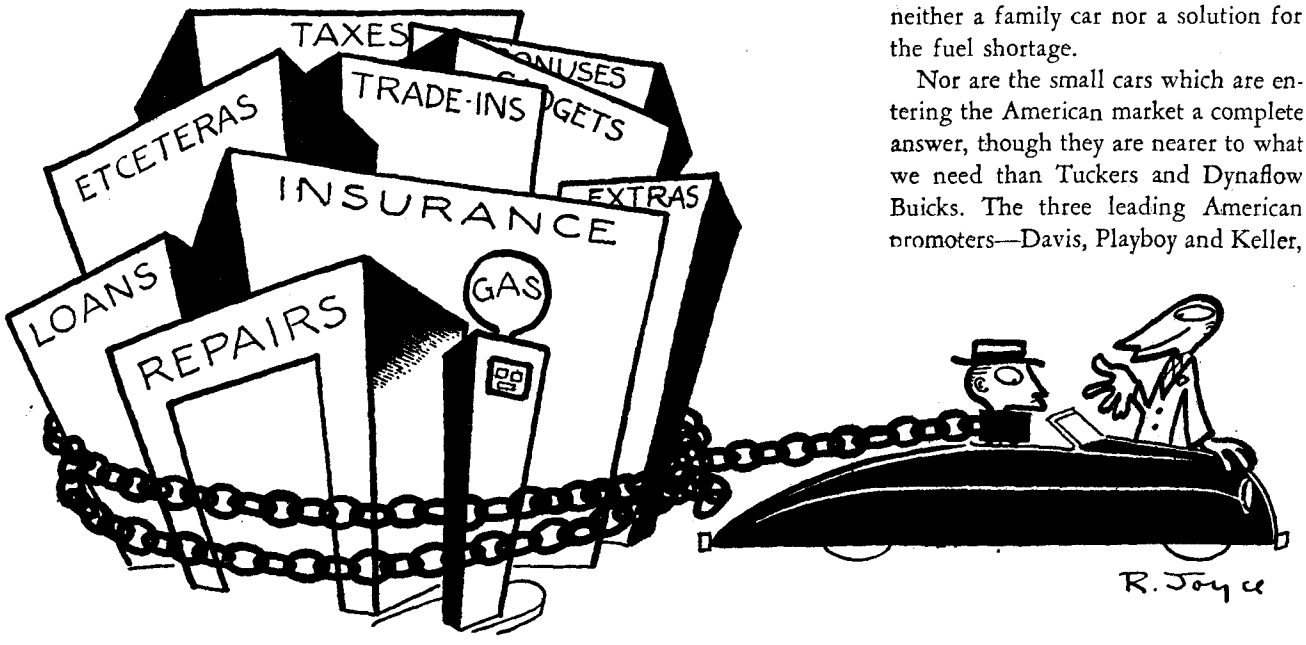
After all the foregoing, if you, as a motorist, don't like the look of the American automobile market and want to put a name to what you see, any psychiatrist can supply the word—schizophrenia. It isn't only that costs of cars are up—that's part of the inflation. Or that the manufacturers are skimming the cream from the market and making high profits—for they are businessmen, not philanthropists. Or that Kaiser, having been talked into producing a medium-class car instead of the people's car he talked about, has parlayed himself on the basis of "immediate delivery" into fourth place as a manufacturer. Or even that the hot-selling-car manufacturers are riding along with the same old models and keeping the new ones on ice—that's good old free enterprise in a seller's market.

The real trouble lies deeper. On the part of the American auto industry there seems to be no consciousness of a possible gasoline pinch, no recognition that the anti-knock quality of gasoline is more important economically than scintillating, high-output engines; no recognition of the basic fact that 90 or 100-mile-an-hour automobiles are a useless waste, because the average man can't handle one safely at that speed, and even when he owns such a car, he usually has too much sense to try.

The industry doesn't seem to realize that most people live in a world where bigger and bigger automobiles are a lot less important than something reliable that won't two-bit them to death in the repair shops. Most Americans need a car that's easy to work on, fast enough and spunky enough to be fun, small enough to park, and which is trimmed inside with something that the kids won't damage, and finished outside with something that doesn't need waxing every three months.

The Tucker isn't the answer—that's a new dish of the same super de-luxe caviar—or it will be, if Tucker can hold his gains and write off liabilities. The present Tucker is a far cry from the original. Many of the fancy features have disappeared or are extras now. The standard car has conventional driving gears, a regular carburetor and ordinary, not aircraft type, brakes. The engine is still in the rear (fore-and-aft now instead of crosswise), a third headlight still in front. The car has 166 horse power, tops 100 miles an hour, and is definitely neither a family car nor a solution for the fuel shortage.

Nor are the small cars which are entering the American market a complete answer, though they are nearer to what we need than Tuckers and Dynaflow Buicks. The three leading American promoters—Davis, Playboy and Keller,



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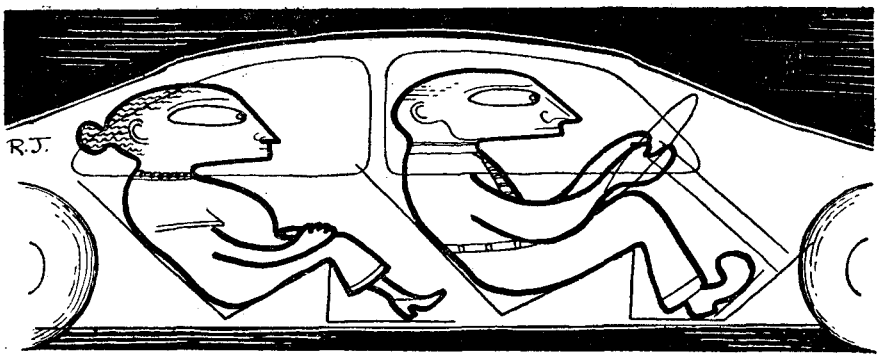
are proposing cars which, even if in production at this moment, would be marginal cars—as the Crosley is—not something for the average American. The Davis is a sports model, and at best a second car. The Keller, to be built as a station wagon as well as a coupe, has a little more utility. The Playboy is a second car; while it might do for a salesman, it is not a family car.

Aside from the sports cars and limousines imported for the upper classes, the foreign cars now coming in are two types: the baby cars like the Renault, economical on gas but incapable of doing what Chevrolets and Plymouths do better over a longer period at no greater, or little greater, total cost; and the Austin-sized car, a comfortable four-seater with plenty of economy and some dash.

Surveys of the public, particularly one made in 1947 by Grant Advertising, Inc., have shown a widespread desire for a smaller, lighter, cheaper car. More than half the people interviewed thought the manufacturers ought to bring one out. Passenger-car engineers weren't so enthusiastic. They worried about costs—and well they might, for only 16 percent of those questioned thought this light job should cost more than $1,000, whereas the range of suggested specifications included a Studebaker-sized car as maximum—and the Champion sedan now costs $1,635.20 at the factory.

But listen to J. R. Davis, Ford's director of sales and advertising: "Actually, in relation to consumer buying power, which is the only sound basis for judgment, we do have a $1,000 car today. Stated in another way, we are actually producing a car today that is selling for $1,000 in terms of the 1941 purchasing dollar and, allowing for increased taxes, I might add, selling for considerably less than $1,000."

Rumors and newspaper stories keep appearing to the effect that some radically new engineering development will appear. This Sunday-supplement cure-all supposedly would make the cheap car possible, from the standpoints both of manufacturing cost and



of running costs and upkeep. Fuel injection—to do away with carburetors—jet engines, new high-octane fuels, etc., have been the subject of press speculation from time to time.

Fuel injection is impractical from the original-cost standpoint; ditto, gas turbines for cars; ditto, jet engines, which would eat you out of house and home anyway. There is more sense in the talk of dual fuel arrangements and alcohol-water injection, so as to employ lower-octane fuels, the use of which would increase, rather than decrease, the utilization of our oil reserves.

Neither does the so-called Kettering engine appear to be the answer. This engine is a General Motors Research Laboratory experimental model with a compression ratio roughly double last year's norm. It requires special premium fuel that won't be available for some years and might never be feasible in a refiner's greatest-good-for-the-greatest-number economics. Substituted for the standard engine in an Oldsmobile, the smaller but equally powerful GMRL engine gave 26.5 miles per gallon at a steady 40 miles per hour, allegedly without performance change except for higher top speed. But there is always more than one way to skin a cat, and the current Studebaker Champion—a lighter car with less top speed and an engine the same size as the GMRL—also gives 26 miles per gallon at 40 miles per hour—on standard fuel.

High compression, if the fuel for it can be made available economically, will be fine, but more four forward-speed transmissions will also help save gas and lengthen car life besides. Nearly every manufacturer is working on one for 1949 or 1950 models. All will cost extra and add mechanical complexity; not all will "pay out"—on fuel savings alone, even after 50,000 miles of driving.

When the buyer's market finally develops, what are the big companies likely to produce to close the schizophrenic gap between the luxury car and the castoff used car which is the American people's car in normal times? Are they likely to do anything? Will the Chevrolet, Plymouth and Ford go on getting bigger and more luxurious *with nothing below* them in the price and cost scale?

Some evidence that this won't happen exists in the form of blueprints gathering dust on shelves at Ford and Chevrolet. Just after the war both companies went a good way in planning cars lighter than their current models, then dropped their plans. Chevrolet said it would cost too much to set up the plant and divert the materials, for obvious reasons—a little-changed model that sold for $840 in 1942 now sells at $1,371, and sells like mad. This fall, it is rumored that Ford will introduce to the French the car originally created for the American market as a junior model; the excuse for giving it up in this country was that market research showed no demand for a stripped car of its type. Besides, standard Fords are doing all right.

However, when money is less plentiful and drivers less desperately willing to pay anything to keep rolling, the pressures on the American auto industry should force simpler, cheaper models on the market. Until that day, or until the depression, prices and running costs will be simply awful.

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THE SECOND FRONT IN ITALY

Through connivery with reaction or political naivete the US is losing the contest for Italian support

by Percy Winner

ROME

FOR GENERATIONS, indeed for centuries, the two great enemies of the Italian people have been hunger and the state. The Italians like to eat and they hate paying taxes. It is an old saying that *c'e sempre stato la miseria* —there has always been poverty. And it is an old fact that there have been few periods in Italian history without official oppression of one sort or another, if only, as during the pre-Fascist generations, in the form of official inefficiency and corruption that robbed the people of their just deserts.

At present Italy is the only ex-Fascist country in the world that is governing itself; the fact that the government is the only post-Fascist one on earth, in the literal sense of the phrase, should be taken into consideration in judging Italy in comparison with other republics and democracies. But the Italians themselves take a longer view. With that extraordinary power of adjustment which makes them considered either fatalistic or feminine, which makes them go along equally under the rule of a Pope, a King, a Duce or a President and Prime Minister, they measure their present situation in terms of the two ancient enemies.

They eat, and politics is remote from their interests; but they don't eat well enough and they grumble about the Christian Democrats as they did about the Fascists. Having civil liberties, however, they grumble openly. They don't pay taxes and they think Premier Alcide de Gasperi not a bad fellow at all; but there are indirect taxes, high prices, inflation, unemployment and a constant threat to the *pasta asciutta* on the table and the bi-monthly pay envelope, so the great majority of the workers in factory and field go along with the Communist-dominated CGIL—the Italian General Confederation of Labor.

There may be a Communist-ordered revolutionary general strike or even an open attempt at revolution in the fall or winter. If it happens, it will be the work of a small minority of the total population. There may be major political changes, and if they happen, they, too, will be the work of minorities. In all probability, there will be neither a revolution nor a dramatic political change. The Christian Democratic Party, pro-American, anti-Soviet, ranging in membership from the most extreme reactionaries to progressives flirting with socialism, and strongly supported by the most powerful political force in the nation—the hierarchy of the Church of Rome—is here to stay, at least for a while. Under its control, an Italian is able to talk and write pretty much as he pleases, but vast stretches of land still belong to great landowners, the ten or so huge industrial combines are still masters of the nation's economic life, the social and economic patterns which survived from feudalism through the nineteenth century and fascism still exist without noticeable change. All these things matter to the Italian, but not enough to make him kick over the traces. Centuries ago when the French and the Spaniards were fighting one another with the Italians in the middle, the Italian saying was *"Viva la Francia, viva la Spagna, purche si mangia,"* which means, roughly, long live either side or both sides so long as we eat.

At the moment, the Italians are eating, thanks to the Americans. If the Americans were here, physically on the scene, running things directly, visibly, the Italians would go along with them. They are not; and the contest for the Italians' acquiescence is between two political entities, neither of which participates directly in the government of the country. These are the hierarchy of the Church of Rome and the Communist Party, both technically foreign powers, since Vatican City is a state and the Communist Party takes orders from the Politburo in Moscow. The Christian Democrats do not take orders from the Vatican, but little they do displeases the Vatican, to put it mildly. The majority of the Socialists, those led by Nenni, don't take orders from the Communists, but they seldom stray far from a course displeasing to the Communists or to the Communist-dominated CGIL.

The goal of the minority Socialists—those of Saragat's Union of Socialists and of the Socialist Labor Party—is to prevent a head-on, knock-down and drag-out fight between the Communists and Christian Socialists that would result either in a revolution or in the creation of a state dominated by clerical influences; they talk of the salvation of the laical state.

Yet, as of now, the end of the summer, a clerical state seems precisely what is in store for the Italians. The choice is, economically, not between freedom and planning, but between planning of the Right—a species of refurbished continuation of the Fascist Corporative State—and planning of the Left, in either case carried out by the Christian Democrats. Which Christian Democratic faction rules will depend on four factors: (1) the development of the international situation; (2) the future relations between the Communists and Socialists; (3) the struggle now boiling up between the Communists and the clericals; (4) the way in which ECA aid to Italy is carried out.

At the moment, the Socialists are in the midst of another crisis, perhaps

This is the second of a series of articles by Percy Winner, author of the political novels, Dario, Scene in the Ice-Blue Eyes and The Mote and the Beam. Winner, who spent twenty years in Europe as a student and journalist before and during the war, is revisiting it after an absence of three years.

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the gravest of the long series since the liberation. Since the Popular Front between the Communists and the Nenni Socialists was officially abandoned early in August, the "third force" has been a dead letter. Most Italians don't think it will come to life. By going through the motions of "studying" the possibility of a "democratic alliance," the Communists keep the Socialists as a buffer. Meanwhile, their real "line," almost identical with the one ordered by Moscow in other European countries, is the tough one—closed ranks, purges, slavish obedience to Uncle Joe in Moscow, action squads reminiscent of the early black-shirted *squadristi,* trial and test strikes, paramilitary training and all the preparations for direct revolutionary action in piazza—in the public squares.

The elementary political fact is that in last spring's national election, the Communists pretty much held their ground as a component of the Popular Front. It was the Nenni Socialists who suffered most seriously from the impact of the combined onslaught of American and Vatican efforts on behalf of the Christian Democrats—a political offensive more concentrated, intensive, well-organized, financially costly and more successful than anything ever dreamed of by the Fascists. Both America and the Vatican won, but at the expense of the only force that might conceivably have been reorganized to serve liberal purposes.

The Saragat anti-Soviet Socialists gained, but not enough to make them a strong, independent force; and their willingness more recently to play the part of a third flutist in the de Gasperi orchestration has made them figures of mocking fun in rightist eyes and robbed them of any moral authority they had on the Left. To be sure, the Union of Socialists has members, but it has no mass basis. By now its thin music is lost in a rising cacophony of brassier instruments in which the Nenni Socialists are little more than echoes of the Communist blaring.

The vague link with the Communists implied in the "democratic front" project gives them reflected authority. For the Communists the tie is more important: this post-Popular Front neo-front postpones the day when they will bear alone the brunt of the Right's attack; it permits them to choose the time to go underground rather than to be forced to take to illegality before they are ready.

The major struggle is between the Communists and the Catholic Church and its political instruments—in the plural because there are two, the Christian Democratic Party and the Azione Catòlica (the Catholic Action with its *comitati civici*—civic committees). According to the terms of the Lateran Pact between the Vatican and the Italian government, made by Mussolini and renewed by the Republic, both the Church and the Catholic Action are forbidden to engage in political activities. But a government which sees eye to eye with the Holy See naturally doesn't find anything illegal in the Church's "moral" interest in politics or in the Catholic Action's concern with "social justice." There are many thoughtful Italian liberals, by the way, who believe that the Church is concerning itself with politics, not because it has ambitions or really wants political power in Italy, but because, as in the historic past, it feels it has to move in to fill a political vacuum.

Be that as it may, the Christian Democrats and the Catholic Action are two strings to the Church's political bow, the one essentially right-wing, the other Left in the sense that it calls for agrarian and social reforms. Better than anyone in Italy, Monsignor Giovanni Battista Montini and Monsignor Domenico Tardini, Undersecretaries of the State in the Vatican—the Pope is his own Secretary of State—know that the two ancient enemies of the Italians are hunger and the state. The Catholic Action, which carries on a relentless campaign designed to break Communist control of the CGIL, offers re-

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forms that are intended to spell out the magic words—more and better food under better conditions. The Vatican-dominated Christian Democrats are gradually putting their own men into key places throughout the state apparatus; and they are men who, committed to the old system, aren't likely to make a fuss about new-fangled notions of forcing direct tax payments. Under the Vatican-dominated regime, the state is to be a friendly enemy. After all, to the ordinary Italian there's a world of difference between actually paying direct taxes and forking up the indirect ones to help make up for the one billion lire a day the government presses are printing; he prefers the latter.

Thus the contests are, first, between the Catholic Action and the CGIL, second, between the Christian Democrats and the Communist Party. Barring direct revolutionary action, or even a series of paralyzing strikes amounting to such action in the autumn or winter, the chances are that the CGIL will win and maintain its place against the Catholic Action; there will be no serious split in the ranks of organized labor, the clericals, the government and the Saragatians notwithstanding. The contest will continue; no one will be seriously injured; and as part of their losing battle against the CGIL, the clerical leftists may even prevail upon the Vatican to prevail upon the government to make some reforms. But it is also likely that the Christian Democrats will defeat the Communists. Unless a new general strike can do what the last one (after the attempt on Palmiro Togliatti's life) failed to do, the only real effect of Communist pressure will be to decide still another contest—the one within the government ranks. If the pressure is less strong, there may be a "gray" regime of the Salazar type, moralistic but humanly mild; and women's daring bathing suits will disappear from the beaches.

The last—and most important—factor is the method in which ECA is managed. Here the prospects are not good. Thus far, ECA is being more misused than used, either because of connivance between Americans in high places with the Italian tycoons or, as is more likely, because of ignorance and political naïveté. For example, the two governmental organizations created by the Italians to administer ECA are made up of men paid not by the government but by their employers. They include representatives of such great agglomerations of power as the Banca Commerciale Italiano, the Credito Italiano, Italian Edison (the hydroelectric trust), Fiat, Pirelli, Olivetti, Bombrini-Parodi and IRI (the state industry combine).

Perhaps unwittingly, the Americans are playing right into the hands of the very men who ran the economic life of the country before fascism, during fascism and after fascism. Unlike other countries, Italy is one in which state power and economic power are directly linked: to control the state is to control economic power; and the Americans are helping the Italian equivalents of Krupp, I. G. Farben, etc., to keep their grip on the state and on power. ECA help is not being used to put Italy on her feet economically so that she can function more on her own, more efficiently, more productively with a higher standard of living; it is being used to continue the old system whereby incoming capital was used to give jobs to workers but only under conditions that will guarantee bigger profits for employers.

A highly placed Italian economist who had much to do with the preparatory work for ECA and still works closely on its operations told me that Italian bankers are astonished by the lack of skill in international affairs of the Americans handling ECA. "They say," he said, "that the last really competent men in such matters were the late Messrs. Morgan, Lamont and Lehmann." The head of ECA in Italy and the top members of his staff are said to be honest, sincere, well-intentioned men, but with no training whatsoever in the connection between economics and politics. Under their control, I am told, the Marshall Plan is slowly becoming the reviver of the corporative state—that was a species of planning from the Right, and so is the system the ECA is helping create. What Italy needs most—raw materials rather than processed foods and finished goods, capital goods rather than consumer goods—is not coming into the country.

Recognizing America's mistakes, the Italian Communists no longer are worried about ECA as such; they are concerned with what the Christian Democrats and their financial and industrial wire-pullers will do with it. In proportion as ECA is used to bolster domestic reaction, the Communists will toughen their policy and methods. If American money is used by the extreme Right to seize power and entrench itself, the Communists will make another bid for power, not so much because they expect to seize it as because they will feel forced to bring about confusion and disorder. Italy is still a second front of the cold war, and not one of minor importance. America had better recognize that on this front you can't just win a political battle (the elections), then let the economic one go hang.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

MAN AND SOCIAL MAN

by Max Lerner

I FIRST ENCOUNTERED Alexander Meiklejohn a quarter-century ago when, as president of Amherst, he gave a Phi Beta Kappa talk to my Yale class of 1923. Since then I have found, in his half-dozen books and his tart conversation, a quality of mind which I can best express by the nickname now given in Israel to the doughty Palestinian-born fighters: "sabra," which means "prickly pear."

Don't be deceived by the quiet and gentle manner of Meiklejohn's new book, *Free Speech and Its Relation to Self-Government* (Harper, $2). Before you are through you will find your thinking bruised by it at some point, and from time to time you may even fling it down in exasperated dissent.

Meiklejohn, now in his seventies, still has the exacting and irreverent mind of a great teacher. The man who caused a turmoil at Amherst in the twenties; whose Wisconsin Experimental College produced more than a flurry in the thirties; who later ran an Adult Education School in California, where he taught workers by the Socratic method, using a few great Supreme Court cases as his raw material; who has carried on a sharp feud with John Dewey's pragmatic-progressive concept of education; who has dared come out for the full assumption of educational responsibility by the state, Plato-wise, at a time when the *grande peur* of our era is the fear of statism; such a man, I suggest, is unlikely to worship the phantoms of our generation, or to wear any man's intellectual blinkers—unless perchance they be his own.

Most of us have been caught in the grimy battle of epithets engendered by the Thomas-committee hearings, the Budenz-Bentley-Chambers axis, the Alger Hiss mystery, the contempt convictions of the Hollywood Ten, the Spanish Refugee Committee cases, the arrest of the Communist National Committee. We forget that what gives them intellectual substance is the enduring if bloodless battle of the categories: the issues of legal and social theory involved in the meaning, the limits and the justification of the free-speech guarantee of the First Amendment.

The basic things about the theory of free speech and free thought have largely been uttered: by Socrates in his living and dying, by Milton in his *Areopagitica*, by Mill in *Liberty*; and, among our own countrymen, by Jefferson in his letters and documents, by Justices Holmes and Brandeis in their great dissenting opinions, by Professor Chafee in his already classic *Free Speech in the US*. But Meiklejohn's brief book nevertheless manages to give a new edge to some of the old issues. He writes not as a liberal attacking the Tory witch-hunters or making a plea for tolerance, but as an unrelenting radical attacking the liberal dogmas as ineffective.

Meiklejohn's position is that free speech in a democracy is not an absolute flowing from the boundless source of some presumed "natural right." It is a practical necessity of "self-government by universal suffrage," for if the citizens are not permitted to argue out the issues of government, how can they be what they must be in a democracy—the rulers as well as the ruled? Meiklejohn upbraids the liberals for construing the guarantees of free speech at once too narrowly and too broadly. He attacks the Holmesian formula of "clear and present danger" on the ground that it misses the whole point of the First Amendment, which is that the people must always, even in dangerous times, have access to criticism of their basic purposes and methods. But he goes on to delimit the area in which this unlimited right of access and discussion applies, distinguishing between the *public* and *private* interests involved in free speech.

In short, what Meiklejohn is aiming at is the demolition of the individualist theory of free speech, and its replacement by an organic or collectivist theory. This is so ambitious a venture that even a book which is at least half a failure is nevertheless an exciting one.

The half that almost comes off is the attack on the "clear and present danger" doctrine and its basis in American individualism. Holmes first stated the doctrine in the Shenck case, speaking for the Court majority: "whether the words . . . are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent." In his Abrams dissent, Holmes argued that "we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country." And in seeking a philosophic base for allowing these ideas to be expressed, Holmes finds it in the doctrine of "free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out."

Meiklejohn is outraged at this. He stresses Holmes's "competitive individualism," interprets him as caring only for the "trading of ideas" be-

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tween selfish individuals, for "the private freedom of this or that individual who is seeking to understand," and not at all for the common compact "that whatever truth may become available shall be placed at the disposal of all the citizens." This is a sharp insight into Holmes, but only a partial one. Obviously Holmes was an individualist—a Darwinian, even a Malthusian, who believed that "all of society is founded upon the death of men." But he was also Periclean in his sense of the almost sacred community. Meiklejohn is misled by Holmes's phrase "competition of the market" into thinking that Holmes was concerned only with the individual trader in ideas. He forgets that Holmes, a conservative in his economics, believed that the clash of doctrines is also the best way to make truth (like other goods) available to all the citizens, and thus is the means toward a good society.

The one point at which Meiklejohn scores is in showing that Brandeis built a better theoretic base for Holmes's "clear and present danger" doctrine than Holmes did. "Those who won our independence by revolution," wrote Brandeis, "were not cowards. They did not fear political change. To courageous, self-reliant men, with confidence in the power of free and fearless reasoning applied through the processes of popular government, no danger flowing from speech can be deemed clear and present, unless the incidence of the evil apprehended is so imminent that it may befall before there is opportunity for free discussion. If there be time to expose through discussion the falsehood and fallacies, to avert the evil by the processes of education, the remedy to be applied is more speech, not enforced silence. Only an emergency can justify suppression." I agree that this is a superb statement, which incidentally shows up the shallowness and hysteria of the present "Red purge." But far from destroying the Holmesian doctrine, it gives it a new intellectual force.

Where Meiklejohn is weakest is in his statement that "private speech, or private interest in speech, has no claim whatever to the protection of the First Amendment." He suggests that if you are arguing for the interests of a lobby, a corporation, a pressure group, a trade union, seeking the advantage of a private group, you are not guaranteed free speech, but are protected only by the "due process" clause of the Fifth Amendment.

The trouble with this is that no one will admit he is seeking only his private interest. All of us equate our interests with the public interest. Most men are not philosophers, arguing about what the state should do as an abstract matter. They are caught in the hurly-burly of life, and their passionate advocacies of the general good are all mixed up with their wages, profits, political preferences, hatreds and group allegiances. Such a distinction as Meiklejohn makes would leave helpless the Hollywood Ten, fighting for their own jobs, and the Spanish Refugee Committee people, who were obviously members of a pressure group. It won't wash, either in constitutional law or political philosophy.

It is clear that all this is an effort to find a new base for free speech in the philosophy of an organic society, which gives the individual the right of free speech because it is best for the society that he have it, and denies it to him whenever he acts not for the society but for himself. It reminds me a little of Jean-Paul Sartre's present effort to found a "Fourth Force" which combines the idea of communism with the idea of complete freedom. I sympathize with both efforts. I, too, would like to have the best of both worlds. But in the theory of free speech, it is an effort like trying to square the circle. It can't be done.

THE HUMAN SIDE

EARL WARREN, by Irving Stone (Prentice-Hall, Inc.; $2).

THE CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY is understandably one of the humblest and most scorned forms of literary endeavor. A superficial adulation, ecstatic in tone and a little breathless in manner, it extols the unparalleled virtues of any man who happens to be running for the presidency in the fashion generally employed by the press agents of a movie star.

Although it deals with a mere vice-presidential candidate, Irving Stone's *Earl Warren*, subtitled "A Great American Story," is in the tradition. It is superficial, adulatory and ecstatic, and even its author's experience as a popularizer of such figures as Debs, Van Gogh, Clarence Darrow, Jack London and General Fremont's wife fails to make it interesting reading for its own sake.

Yet the nature of the presidential campaign of 1948 and its candidates lends the book a curiosity value that makes it worth the attention of those who don't ordinarily bother with campaign biographies. The curiosity arises from an irresistible speculation as to whether the author was slyly intending a bit of sabotage within the Republican campaign or whether this effect was purely coincidental. Intentional or not, the praise that Stone bestows upon his hero—and he is highly resourceful in finding reasons for admiration—is almost invariably calculated to throw the corresponding weaknesses of Thomas E. Dewey into the most unflattering focus. At the end of the book, when the author says perfunctorily that "Thomas E. Dewey and Earl Warren like and respect each other," a reader impressed by the case he has made for his man would be perplexed to know why.

Warren, says Stone, was conspicuously nonpartisan as District Attorney, State Attorney General and Governor, and the fact that he was twice nominated by both the Republicans and Democrats goes far to justify the claim. Dewey's most ardent admirers will hardly make a similar claim for him. Warren never used his political power to build up a personal political organization; Dewey, it is generally conceded, has been especially expert in constructing his tightly controlled machine. Warren is described as hating ruthlessness in ambition and conduct; Dewey's ruthlessness is notorious.

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Warren's tolerance, it appears, has always kept him from attempting political vengeance on those who have opposed him; Dewey has always been merciless to his enemies. Warren is quoted as saying, concerning the presidential nomination, that "I have made a distinction between being willing to serve if called upon to serve and the position of being an active candidate, which would take me away from my job as Governor." This might well be interpreted as a direct stab at Dewey.

As District Attorney, Warren had a great fear of sending an innocent man to prison, was always uneasy about the possibility of compounding an injustice and never prosecuted until he was completely convinced that his man was guilty; Dewey's record as a prosecutor, while more sensational, was certainly never notable for compassion. As Stone puts it, Warren's press conferences "were a source of delight to the reporters and columnists, who emphasized his dogged frankness, honesty and willingness to go on the record"; the contrast with Dewey's martinet behavior toward the press will be particularly appreciated by readers of Warren Moscow's recent *Politics in the Empire State.*

Finally, Warren is obviously a warm and friendly man, with pleasant human juices in him—a personality almost diametrically opposed to the cold, machinelike Dewey.

If Stone and the impressive evidence he offers are to be credited, the Dewey-Warren ticket certainly has the advantage of offering candidates that are artistically complementary to each other; but with this there is the disadvantage that the benevolent traits of the man running for the lesser office throw the unappealing characteristics of the presidential candidate into still higher relief. The man who emerges from Stone's book is an attractive and, in his moderate, middle-of-the-road fashion, progressive public figure. Despite the author's enthusiasm, Earl Warren does not appear capable of high creative imagination or of distinguished, fighting, liberal leadership. He is frankly and rather proudly conventional and emotional in his outlook. As Stone says, "the mainsprings of his character are spiritual rather than intellectual." But he seems to have been a fine, honorable and decently crusading District Attorney, an enterprising Attorney General and an excellent Governor.

As Governor, he has a good record as an administrator; he has been a partisan of tolerance and an advocate of liberal social reforms, even if he has not battled for them too strenuously. His record cannot be called strongly pro-labor, but it is fair and decent. His interest in social legislation included improved industrial compensation and a plan for what he described as "prepaid medical insurance." In advocating the latter, he received the great honor of being attacked by the grave conservatives of the California Medical Association. His belief in free speech and his objection to thought-control hysteria seem honest and stalwart. If he is not a fighter, he has an authentic gift for advancing his moderate progressive ideas by his persuasive talent for getting along with people and enlisting their sympathy for his projects.

Stone, obviously worried by the contrast between this comparatively advanced political position and the tenets of the head of his ticket, places much hope in the proposed plan to make Warren a sort of Assistant President, sitting in the cabinet as head of an Administrative Department, "which would encompass various agencies of government which are not now within any existing departments." Certainly, Stone makes it clear that in the current Republican campaign Warren must supply the warmth, charm and whatever credible liberalism there is to be. RICHARD WATTS JR.

MACKEY

PRELUDE TO GENIUS

PLEASURES AND REGRETS, by Marcel Proust, with a preface by Anatole France. Translated by Louise Varese (Crown Publishers; $2.75).

MARCEL PROUST (had he not fainted at the mere sight of the jacket) would have shuddered at the triteness of the title—a title still more inexpressibly Henry Bordeauxish than *Remembrance of Things Past.* One wonders why the translator made no attempt to convey the reference in *Les Plaisirs et les Jours* to Hesiod's *Works and Days.* It is even harder to understand why she omitted not only the "Portraits of Painters and Musicians" but also the six-page dedication "To my friend Willie Heath," so deeply significant both of Proust's delight in the enchantments of illness and approaching death and of an early phase of his homosexual evolution, the phase of Athenian friendship with handsome and cultured *éphèbes* of his own set. Nor can we account for the unwarranted rearrangement of materials in the volume. It is to be presumed that the author had some reason for his selection and organization, and a translator has no right arbitrarily to omit or displace anything to suit his own taste.

In no other work has Proust so consistently strained after stylistic effects. He sometimes imitates the concise, analytic and epigrammatic style of La-Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld or Voltaire. But quite often his vocabulary is as rare and exquisite as Montesquiou's, his rhythm as subtle and his tone as pathetic as Barrès', his sentence patterns elaborately complex and intricately balanced. He sometimes achieves

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pure perfection; but he also frequently falls into preciosity and *mièvrerie*. The translation generally retains some of this elusive Proustian quality; in the more difficult passages, however, it repeatedly misinterprets the original, misconstruing complex sentences, missing obvious images, or even omitting significant details.

It is generally known that in *Pleasures and Days* Proust introduced most of the psychological and sentimental themes that he was to develop later in *Remembrance of Things Past*. No commentator, however, has remarked on the various technical devices used to express these themes. There are several narratives in the third person, others in the first, and one in the third ending with the narrator's commentaries in the first person. There are also sentimental confessions in the first person, psychological observations in the first person plural, and in one case a combination of observations in the first person plural and confessions in the first person singular. Finally there are considerations on the characters and manners of the time, satirical sketches of society life and poetic descriptions of aspects of nature. In brief, most of the approaches and devices which later will account for the inexhaustible variety of *Remembrance of Things Past* are already present in *Pleasures and Days*, but merely juxtaposed, and not integrated into a comprehensive pattern. And yet there are some presages of a potential integration.

For instance, Proust seems to have played with the idea of linking together several episodes or essays through the use of reappearing characters or families, à la Balzac. Princess d'Alériouvre ("The End of Jealousy") apparently is related, not only to the old Duchess d'Alériouvre ("The Death of Baldassare Silvande"), but also to Geneviève de Buivres, née Alériouvre ("Melancholy Summer"). Françoise de Breyves ("Melancholy Summer") is no doubt related to the Breyves whom Honoré hates as a possible successor ("The End of Jealousy"). Prince de Buivres, whose victories in Dahomey are mentioned by Mme. Lenoir ("A Dinner in Society"), may be identified with M. de Buivres who is just back from Tonkin ("The End of Jealousy") and might be the husband of Geneviève de Buivres, née Alériouvre ("Melancholy Summer"), who thus would be a link between the two aristocratic families. But the most frequently reappearing character is Honoré, who at sixteen undertakes Violante's sexual initiation ("Violante"); later shows more impetuosity than wisdom in his love-making ("Scenario"); is a rather blasé man of the world at Mme. Fremer's ("A Dinner in Society"); and finally becomes a desperately jealous lover ("The End of Jealousy"). These various reappearances, while not always perfectly consistent, at least seem to foreshadow the multiple reappearances and intricate family relationships in *Remembrance of Things Past*.

There is also a more essential bond between the different episodes and essays. The main incidents in the lives of Alexis, Baldassare, Violante, Honoré, Françoise de Breyves, the anonymous young girl, the melancholy youth who discloses his regrets, his reveries and his reflections on life, really constitute the various phases of a single life history. They are the vicissitudes of one childhood and one filial devotion; of one sexual initiation; of one sentimental education; of one investigation of society; of one still uncertain literary vocation; and of one despair about human bondage. In fact, they are the author's own experiences from seven to twenty-three, and from Auteuil and Illiers to the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Some of these experiences are cleverly transposed; but to those who remember Proust's confession to Gide that he had never known love except with men, the disguise is transparent: not only the remorseful young girl, but also Violante de Styrie and Françoise de Breyves are none other than Marcel himself.

In August, 1892, he had written: "You are absorbed by success, you are chained by pleasure. But happiness can be achieved only in doing what one loves with the inmost longings of his soul." The perfect expression of the inmost longings of his sinful and tormented soul perhaps he had already found in *Middlemarch*, in the comforting words about the pursuit of "some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self." In December, 1897, he likened himself to Casaubon futilely accumulating meaningless notes. Then for nearly nine years he devoted most of his energies to Ruskin; but he still kept on filling his drawers with apparently fruitless episodes and essays. These are the materials which, after the illumination of 1909, he was to integrate into a whole, by retrospectively imposing on them the unity they lacked. Between *Pleasures and Days* and *Remembrance of Things Past* there is no discontinuity; but the depraved Bernardin, the innocent Petronius, had discovered at last how to attain his object. ROBERT VIGNERON

FICTION PARADE

THE OLD BEAUTY AND OTHERS, by Willa Cather (Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50).

A CLOUDED STAR, by Anne Parrish (Harper and Brothers; $2.75).

A LITTLE TEA, A LITTLE CHAT, by Christina Stead (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3.75).

WISTERIA COTTAGE, by Robert M. Coates (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $2.50).

THE DEATH of Willa Cather last year came as a surprise to many people who had forgotten she was still alive. Although she had published earlier and later, her work seemed finally identified with the twenties, and her reputation a lush growth of the boom years. But if she was originally overrated, she has now suffered the reverse fortune, and as an almost insuperable obstacle to any interest in her work, two of her flimsier novels have become established "safe" reading for adolescents. I refer, of course, to *Shadows on the Rock* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

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The three stories in this posthumous volume are certainly no occasion to revive her name. They are tired pieces, reworking old themes. The title story recalls Miss Cather's concern for a "society whose manners, dress, conventions, loyalties, codes of honor, were different from anything existing in the world today." Unfortunately, the peevish memories of a faded demimondaine are scarcely an effective tribute to the "old order." And the most memorable lines in the story refer to a man who has just threatened the heroine with his gymnastic attentions: "That was not an English-speaking man. . . . He is an immigrant who has made a lot of money. He does not belong."

The second story in the book returns to other "old days," the Nebraska farm life of the author's youth. A hard-working mother of a large family embodies what Miss Cather calls (but in the third story) "the ginger to care hard and work hard." The tone is indicated by such complacent defeatism as "I don't think schooling gives people any wisdom. . . . I guess only life does that."

This is the pessimistic tone of a nostalgic primitivism; it enforces a doctrine of struggle, but the struggle of crude energy as an end in itself. All the "ginger" is spent from the simplest success, and, characteristically, the mother reflects in an honorable and peaceful old age: "Our best years are when we're working hardest and going right ahead when we hardly see our way out."

A Clouded Star is a labor of love; perhaps that is why it lacks the astringent irony that was the best feature of Anne Parrish's earlier novels. The central figure is Harriet Tubman, a Negro woman prominent in the underground railroad, and this is a somewhat lyrical and reverent account of one of her flights north to Canada with a party of escaped slaves. It is a subject that teeters between two abysses; the author resists the ante-bellum glamor of the great plantations, but falls into the tone of abolitionist indignation.

This might have been avoided if the particulars of the escape had been more realistically detailed, but the geography of the journey is an undifferentiated background of mountains, rivers and woods, while the action is a delirious paean to liberty, punctuated by the refrain, "We have to go free, or die." It reaches for a Larger Significance, but the result is the limited emotional range of propaganda.

A Little Tea, a Little Chat enjoys the left-handed distinction of missing an impressive number of possibilities. Robert Grant is a New York speculator whose brain "had been functioning, to his own profit, with uncommon energy, since the age of four or five." He is shallow, hard, ignorant and successful in "The Land of Grab." "He could not read more than a few consecutive sentences in any book or newspaper unless they referred immediately to himself or his interests." He "would throw down newspapers in the faces of his friends and managers, saying, 'What's the point? What's he getting at?'" He is more or less involved with a woman referred to throughout the book as "the blondine." But "he had little pleasure out of his own real hobby, libertinage; and he gave none." He lives in a world of offices, bars and midtown hotels, populated by gulls, crooks and prostitutes perpetually occupied in cheating, compromising and double-crossing one another, in drinking, boasting and adultery. Their speech displays really sensitive feeling for the cliché.

The flaw in this wealth of vulgarity is that it accumulates for almost 400 pages of close type without adding up to anything. An occasionally penetrating observation levels off at the "realism" of James M. Cain. And the reader, if he persists, will grow as callous as anyone in the book. There can be no response to a mere welter of corruption which touches nothing

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JOHN FARRELLY

THEATRE: Forecast

I DO NOT SEE how anyone who is in the least serious about the theatre can speak of it cheerfully. Still I often suspect myself of sheer grouchiness. With the approach of the new season, a change of key is in order. Let me be constructive, if not gay.

While I have been deploring the absence of a vitality that was once manifested by the number and variety of experimental efforts, I have failed to note that as a matter of fact such efforts are once again on the increase. The negative is beginning to produce a positive: the pressure of commercialism is bringing about a desperate reaction. The new revolt, though not confident, will nevertheless become determined. People will live—even in the theatre.

Seeds of revolt in the theatre are almost always strewn off Broadway. "Break loose, young man!" is not simply a slogan for the courageous, but an imperative for survival. A procedure must be found for getting plays done outside the dominion of Broadway's rule. The relative success of an impecunious group like the Interplayers, with so "crazy" a play as e. e. cummings' "him," is testimony that there are still theatregoers hungry for coarser but more invigorating fare than the pabulum of the chain theatres.

It is always pleasant to predict this sort of rebellion. The skeptic, however, may interject certain embarrassing questions. Aren't the so-called experimental plays often bad? If a play belongs in the category of non-commercial drama—which usually means nothing worse than that it is difficult to raise $60,000 to produce it—doesn't it mean that its interest is too limited for the purpose of a "democratic" theatre? Such questions may lead to abstruse argument. I prefer to be categorical: a theatre that addresses itself entirely to the $4.80 New York audience is not at all democratic; every impulse strong enough to find a collective form such as a theatrical production represents is a positive force, and the more diverse their nature, the richer the harvest. I would rather see a theatre rank with growth—including wild exotics—than a meager collection of pretty specimens for store sale.

There are many more plays worthy of production than the fatal mechanism of Broadway's organization permits us to realize. But people who really want to see unusual plays must understand that they cannot be staged unless new types of production are set up. The routine of ordinary theatre practice must be sacrificed; the fixation on a single theatre district must be abandoned.

Leaving aside such foreign plays as Brecht's "The Good Woman of Sezvan," García Lorca's "The House of Bernarda Alba," the work of Frenchmen like Camus, Jean Genet, Armand Salacrou, Anouilh, and several still unproduced plays by O'Casey, there are American plays like Lester Cohen's dramatization of Wolfe's *The Web and the Rock,* Victor Wolfson's version of Caldwell's *Trouble in July,* Theodore Apstein's "Illusion," Abe Goldfein's "The Fifth Horseman," Gertrude Stein's "Yes Is for a Very Young Man," Saroyan's "Don't Go Away Mad," which are generally superior to more than half the plays Broadway offers and which might in fact prove as "commercial" as many of these offerings. To the stage-struck angel who seeks in the theatre relief from the doldrums of his investments, I should like to suggest the motto, "Lose your money—beautifully!"

My point, of course, is that many of these plays might already have been done if we (authors included) could break ourselves of the habit of believing Broadway production synonymous with the theatre. It is often a downright offense to do certain valuable plays between Fortieth and Fifty-ninth Streets. It is possible to put on very interesting productions of a dozen such plays for less than is spent (and usually lost) on a musical like "Look, Ma, I'm Dancing!" The experience of a group like the New Stages proves it. There is salvation outside the methods of Leland Hayward.

Because of the impetus of the new rebellion, Broadway itself will give greater evidence of adventurous life this season. For example, Gide's dramatization of Kafka's *The Trial* and Giraudoux's "The Mad Woman of Chaillot" have been announced. New plays by Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Elmer Rice, Clifford Odets, Lillian Hellman, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller are promised.

All this has a significance beyond show business. Our peculiarly difficult times require not only new work but new methods of dealing with it. Official channels of expression are becoming increasingly corrupt. Political discussion is as noisy as ever, but is turned into gibberish by suppression. The free voice of the country can only be heard through a mask—the mask of the arts, the mask of the theatre. True feeling will have to be conveyed as entertainment.

HAROLD CLURMAN

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RADIO: Ship's Log

Aboard M/S BATORY

FIVE DAYS OUT AT SEA, I began to wonder what I was missing on the radio scene back home. The last American broadcast, heard on a powerful portable aboard, had been a baseball game coming over a Portland, Maine, station. That was the second day out. Since then, only fragmentary RCA news dispatches, received by the ship's wireless at seven a.m. but not posted until five in the afternoon, have kept us in touch with doings in the United States.

The reports, however, have included nothing about the radio field, and professional loneliness has moved me to dig out the broadcasting logs of the last day in New York, the batch of publicity releases received just before I took a cab to the dock, the stack of last week's unread trade magazines. In these, if the news is stale, it offers at least room for reflection.

The television stations are boasting about their swift newsreel coverage of sensational goings-on at the Soviet Consulate and in the hearing room of the Un-American Activities Committee. But none of the video entrepreneurs or their colleagues in radio paid any attention to two fellow passengers aboard this ship. One is a top member of the Ukrainian delegation to the United Nations. The other is a member of Poland's Council of State, the government's executive committee. The Pole and the Little Russian had nothing to offer but hopes for peace which they now press on those who interview them on the sun deck.

Giveaways still preoccupy the trade press. The Federal Communications Commission has issued what it calls a "proposed ruling" which would put a crimp in these swagbags, possibly outlaw them. With astonishment you note approval of the proposed ruling by NBC, always a staunch opponent of any FCC interest in programming. Question: When is FCC regulation of programming not "meddling by government"? Answer: When the proposal hits the ABC network. It was ABC's "Stop the Music" that knocked Fred Allen's Hooperating for a loop last spring.

A couple of months ago, Harry Salter, musical maestro of that ABC show stopper, observed that even the State Department's "Voice of America" was playing his game, only switching the title to "Stop the Muzhik!" Now I've run into an item in a week-old copy of *Radio Daily*. It is headed "Soviets Reported Jamming US Radio," and the last line of the story reads: "A source in Poland said the 'Voice of America' is listened to by the entire Polish nation." This comment I've taken up on deck to show to the vice-marshal, Stanislaus Schwalbe.

Schwalbe does not know how many radio sets there are in Poland, but he does know that two-thirds of the population live in rural areas where a radio receiver is more likely to be a crystal set with a pair of earphones attached. Very, very few Polish urban dwellers possess a receiver half as good as the $13.95 set we take for granted at home. Domestic radio in Poland, as in most of Europe, transmits on medium-wave, which is the only band that can be picked up on the routine receivers.

Clifford J. Durr and Norman Corwin are both on this ship, part of a small group of Americans bound for Europe on a double mission. In Wroclaw (formerly Breslau), Prague, Lyons and in the Foggia District of Italy we shall help dedicate various projects in the name of Fiorello LaGuardia, and at Wroclaw we shall attend the Intellectuals' World Congress for Peace. Most of the group are being sent by the One World Award Com-

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mittee, the organization commemorating Wendell Willkie, which sent Corwin around the world in 1946 and chose LaGuardia for the same honor a year later.

Not long ago, Corwin proposed a plan for the formation of an American Academy of Radio Arts, similar in function to the movie academy which presents the annual "Oscars." The National Association of Broadcasters killed the Corwin plan, but the idea is still kicking around and here on the ship we have been discussing how it may be revived.

It seems evident that the establishment of some such body is overdue. It should be a national panel, including representatives of consumers' organizations, listeners' councils, organized labor (with emphasis on crafts in the broadcasting industry, particularly artists, writers, directors), women's groups, educators, perhaps those religious groups that are interested in radio as an educational medium, possibly even commercial broadcasters. The academy would try to recapture for America's 110 million radio listeners, and the potential millions of television-set owners, some of the rights which the public gave away on a golden platter 25 years ago when it permitted commercial broadcasting to take over the medium lock, stock and transmitter tower.

The academy could work within the framework of private enterprise, *i.e.*, owned by a public corporation but not by the government. It would not try to nationalize the broadcasting industry or transform it into a BBC operation, but one of its tasks would be to establish a broadcasting-station experiment with new programming, new commercial practices, new methods of integrating good business with sound artistic, educational and informational use of the public's air. Such a guinea-pig station could be a yardstick by which private enterprise might measure its public-service achievement.

Corwin was reminded at this point of a story about Albert Einstein. The professor, scheduled to make a network broadcast from his home, had for a couple of hours been watching the engineers set up their complex equipment in his Princeton living room. For 15 minutes, the chief engineer explained to Einstein, who was inquisitive, all about the apparatus, wires, hook-ups and gadgets. Impressed, Professor Einstein asked the technician: "Do you carry all this in your head?"

If the professor only knew! Radio carries so much in its head, but the heart never seems to have developed. It might be brought along even now through such an academy as we had been discussing. Perhaps someone will start a campaign for it while I'm over here devoting myself to plaza dedication and peace. SAUL CARSON

DANCE: Renaissance at New London

No GROUP of American artists succeeds in maintaining such a state of perpetual indigence as the modern dancers. Last spring Martha Graham, a figure of world renown and one of the few great artists this country has produced in any field, was forced to abandon rehearsals because of inability to pay a pianist. José Limon considered himself lucky to scrape up the theatre rental fee for a single New York appearance with his small troupe. Charles Weidman turned to the Guggenheim Foundation for funds to support him while he composed his version of James Thurber's *Fables for Our Time.* Most of the younger dancers are reduced to a hungry search for jobs in Broadway musicals.

Obviously the dance is not popular today, or its leading artists would have no trouble in arranging profitable transcontinental tours, as the ballet companies and musical performers do. The lack of an audience is paradoxical, for the modern dance came into being as a protest against the artificiality and snob appeal of traditional ballet. It has always been based upon the direct, unprettified emotions that are the common property of mankind, and it has frequently propagandized for the people's causes—social justice, economic security and political freedom. Yet the wide public persists in preferring the escapist subject matter, decorative appearance and orthodox movement patterns of ballet. Most people outside New York have no chance to see modern dance from one year's end to the next; the scattered tours of modern dancers have usually been financial calamities.

The main obstacle to widespread acceptance of the modern dance is its heterodox vocabulary of movement. Its strange extensions, contractions, falls and floor work become intelligible only by degrees. Like modern poetry, painting and music, it requires audiences willing to learn its idiom.

But the modern dance is not a cult. For those who have opened themselves to it, no other field of contemporary art surpasses it in dramatic power, emotional profundity and formal integrity—particularly when its exponent is Martha Graham. The commercial pattern by which the performing arts are promoted in the United States robs nearly all the people of an opportunity to discover the modern dance. The colleges and universities are prime offenders; academic idealism in the arts being what it is, most institutions are content to bring Rosario and Antonio or Marina Svetlova or any minuscule group that has either "ballet" or "russe" in its name, instead of introducing to their communities the only significant dance art America is now producing.

This summer Connecticut College and New York University joined in performing an act of faith on behalf of the dance. Following a plan employed at Bennington College for several years before the war, the two cooperating schools engaged several leading modern dancers to teach and perform on the New London campus. A six-week summer school, attended

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by 120 students from all quarters of the continent, came to its climax in a ten-day American Dance Festival from August 13 to 22. In a rotating schedule of daily programs, the students and the general public could see and begin to understand an impressive portion of the best modern-dance repertory. The performances, of high professional quality, were given by Martha Graham and her company; José Limon and his company, and the group centering around three younger artists, Sophie Maslow, Jane Dudley and William Bales.

On August 13, the Martha Graham company danced the première of one of her finest compositions. Entitled "Wilderness Stair: Diversion of Angels," the new work depicts the ecstasy of love in its most elevated aspects. Miss Graham is a reformed Puritan unafraid of love, and "Wilderness Stair" is remarkable for an unabashed ebullience which never gives the remotest suggestion of pornography. Although its form is highly complex and subtle, everything is so clear, communicative and joyous that audiences will probably find it easy to take.

The other novelties of the festival were not so successful. Masterpieces, after all, are rare. For Limón, Doris Humphrey wrote "Corybantic," a piece designed to bring a modern attitude to Greek ritual. Miss Graham took the edge off her own achievement by sponsoring, against the judgment of nearly all her closest advisers, a pretentious and emptily adolescent work, "The Strangler," by her partner, Erick Hawkins.

But nothing is perfect, and the New London Festival came as close to perfection as any event in the history of the modern dance. Incredible as it sounds, this was the first time a program of major works by a variety of major modern-dance choreographers had been presented under a single sponsorship. Ballet audiences expect to see pieces by Balanchine, Tudor, de Mille and many others in one season. The modern dancers have hurt themselves by remaining individualists; even in the old Bennington festivals it was necessary to award each year's festival to one choreographer to keep peace. The success of the New London project suggests that the modern dancers may finally find an audience if they develop enough coöperation to form a single, representative company instead of pursuing their little enterprises separately.

CECIL SMITH

MOVIES: Murder for Profit

ALFRED HITCHCOCK might be grateful to us all if we would forget "The Lady Vanishes" and "The Thirty-Nine Steps." We pay him the compliment of believing that in his chosen field of melodrama he is a craftsman and stylist, and as a result we raise the passing mark. The later, or Hollywood, Hitchcock might be willing to trade us his reputation for a little charity, and that's the deal we may eventually make.

It would not be easy, however, to indulge him in the case of "Rope," for he seems to offer it as vintage Hitchcock. It is a "lavish" production, expensively cast (Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Constance Collier appear in supporting roles), elegantly set, filmed in color. More than that, it develops a portentous theme—one that goes far beyond cops and robbers, spies and crown jewels to examine good and evil and to hint of very dark corners in the human soul. It purports to be serious, so we must take it seriously.

Before getting into the question of "Rope's" thesis, I must protest twice against Hitchcock's mechanics. The first objection is that in a story involving a "perfect" murder (*i.e.*, a tidy one) you may not pretend that the assassin would neglect so obvious a chore as disposing of the victim's hat. The second is that very wealthy New Yorkers are not obliged to put up

Answer to Paul Douglas

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with large electric signs that overlook their drawing rooms and blaze garish, intermittent light into the eyes of the occupants. Even in his enthusiasm for atmosphere, Hitchcock must observe such things as zoning laws or forfeit that super-realism of detail that has always been his special trick.

The story of "Rope" is by courtesy of Dostoevsky, Nietzsche and the Messrs. Loeb and Leopold (in point of history, it is a version of an adaptation of an old play by Patrick Hamilton). Two overrich and overeducated young exquisites murder a friend for the thrill of the experience and to confirm their opinion of their esthetic and intellectual superiority. They stuff his body into an old chest, from the top of which they then serve a buffet supper to the victim's father, aunt and fiancée. Present also is a former school master who has been feeding the boys a transmogrification of Nietzsche shockingly irresponsible even for a fashionable male finishing school.

The film is full of talk about the moral law, superior and inferior beings, the sensuous pleasures of murder, rare books and chamber music. But it is all virtually pointless because open-and-shut nuttiness makes poor subject matter for ethical hair splitting. Raskolnikov pretty well disposed of the genius theory of justifiable blood-letting, and no one has to pause for a moment over the confusions of a couple of obvious psychopaths.

Despite Hitchcock's virtuosity in keeping the action moving and varied in the confines of one stage set (it is difficult to understand why a picture director should want to perform this unnecessarily confining trick), "Rope" is more fidgety than thrilling. There is of course no mystery, nor is there the least likelihood that the killers will get away with their whimsy. One of them succumbs to the alcoholic jumps as soon as the body is stowed, and the other smirks through such a mouthful of canary feathers as to make the most leaden observer suspicious.

I don't doubt that something very like "Rope" has happened, just as I don't doubt that there are a number of people around who confuse themselves with the Avenging Angel. But neither disordered state in itself makes very rewarding fiction.

Hitchcock has coaxed spectacular, if not very subtle, performances out of John Dall as the boss homicide and out of James Stewart as the cynical house master. Stewart's role, however, suffers from a deadly implausibility. We are to accept him as a splendid example of a brave, humanist mind crushed by the unforeseen results of his clear-eyed pursuit of the truth, but it is hard to believe that even in the cloisters of New England the best teachers are telling the boys that murder is great fun if you don't get caught. Prep-school profs will go to considerable trouble to build a reputation for eccentricity with their charges, but even the most neurotic of them are shrewder than that.

Another case on the police blotter this week is "Sorry, Wrong Number," the famous radio thriller in which the telephone proves a miserably inadequate protection for the very wealthy Mrs. Stevenson.

The film makes the mistake, I think, of sticking too closely to what was originally a necessary and extremely effective device—the gradual piecing together of a murder jig-saw through a long series of telephone conversations. On the screen, this preoccupation with the dial system makes the action unnecessarily jumpy and provides Barbara Stanwyck with rather more opportunity to be hysterical than she can comfortably handle.

I suspect that if you already know why and by whom the neurotically ill heroine is to be murdered at 11:15 p. m., you will be bored by the laboriously interwoven flashbacks. If you don't know, the suspense is plenty compelling to keep you from leaving the theatre.

The title, by the way, is a libel on the Bell System. It handled Mrs. Stevenson's calls efficiently and, in the face of her hysteria, with surprising patience.

ROBERT HATCH

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CORRESPONDENCE: The Hair Splitters

SIR: The *New Republic* (August 16) carries two letters, one from C. B. Baldwin and one from Helen Fuller, which allude to what is considered by the correspondents as an irresponsible attitude of the Liberal Party in withholding support to "progressive" candidates simply because they have accepted the support of the ALP. It is alleged that by so doing, the Liberal Party becomes the instrument by which the vote is divided.

What a strange argument to be urged by the campaign manager of the Progressive Party, whose only political significance in 1948 lies in its ability to divide the liberal vote and thereby cause the election of a reactionary Republican administration and Congress. . . .

The party of Baldwin and Wallace has taken a position on foreign policy that calls for total appeasement of the expansion of the totalitarian Russian government. This is in direct contradiction to the aims and purposes of our present government. It constitutes the most serious division, and no congressional candidate can afford to ignore it without becoming "irresponsible." In effect, Arthur Klein, Adam Powell and the others have chosen to become political schizophrenics because it may mean more votes and ensure their election.

They appear before the voter behind two standard bearers, Truman on the Democratic line, and Wallace on the Progressive line. No question before Congress is quite so important as the problem of discovering the path toward a peaceful settlement of the world's problems. Congressional candidates must not divide on this most serious question. They cannot be internationalists on Thursdays and tools of the Communist appeasers on Saturdays. Klein, Powell, *et al.*, chose to ignore this division of ideologies. We had no choice. We ignored *them.*

JOHN S. MACCAULEY
Executive Director, Liberal Party,
New York City New York County

SIR: C. B. Baldwin's claim (the *NR*, August 16) that the Progressive Party "will not cut the throats of non-Progressives" does not jibe with the facts in the 31st District of New York.

Against the conservative and anti-labor GOP Representative Bernard Kearney, the Democrats have nominated Professor William Murphy, running on a militant pro-labor PAC platform. The local ALP has put up Andrew Peterson, president of the left-wing UEW Local 301.

The ALP-UEW-Wallace group loudly professes to desire above all else the defeat of Kearney. But by splitting his opposition it has guaranteed his overwhelming victory. . . .

What makes Murphy unacceptable to the local "Progressives" is his refusal to whitewash Russia's foreign policy. . . .
Schenectady, N. Y. ARTHUR K. DAVIS

SIR: The Progressive convention did well to exclude any anti-Soviet statement from the Progressive platform in view of the fact that an anti-Soviet and pro-war hysteria has been carefully and skillfully fostered for many years by interests apart from the mass of the American people. If the convention had yielded to it, what value would there have been to our claim that we are the peace party? The plea that we would have gained votes thereby is to say that we should resort to the methods of the Republican and Democratic Parties. . . .

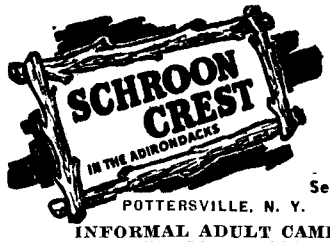
Mr. and Mrs. Sass, in their letter in the *New Republic* (August 23), overlook the fact that the platform had to be written in terms of national interest and not as an expression of personal feelings. It is easier to yield to public clamor than it is to stand for a principle that is under a barrage of artful and plausible allegations.
Richmond, Calif. J. N. MCCULLOUGH

SIR: In the August 16 exchange between C. B. Baldwin and Helen Fuller, the latter cites my Democratic opponent, Clinton D. McKinnon, as a liberal whom I endanger. I am touched but unconvinced. . . .

We Progressives offered the Democrats a choice among five fine Democrats for a coalition candidate, but McKinnon usurped them all. Realizing his glamorous hold on the Demos, we then examined him for two and a half hours, and listened to one banal generality after another. McKinnon even generously speculated that I would make a better congressman than he, but that I could not be elected; he then refused to allow time, requested by both, for renegotiation between his backers and us.

If the . . . incumbent Republican, Charles K. Fletcher, goes back to Congress, the blame rests squarely upon the unprincipled, prejudiced Democrats. . . .
San Diego, Calif. HARRY C. STEINMETZ

RESORTS



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